In this issue *of* The Outlook

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By John Allen Krout, *A.B. (Michigan), A.M., Ph.D. (Columbia)*

A Banking Behemoth

The Bank of Italy has drawn unto itself 276 branch banks in California, and the Bancitaly Corporation owns stock in the most important banks of the world. Next week's issue of The Outlook will contain an article about the man who is the eye and the brain of this mammoth creature.

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Springfield, Illinois

The Outlook

Volume 145 March 23, 1927 Number 12

Man Grasps After the Ultimate

ABOUT once a year, or even less —so rapid have been the strides of astronomy since its comparatively recent rebirth—we are called upon to chronicle a new and vastly enhanced estimate of the size of the already quite incomprehensible universe. Once more our minds have been put to the stretching test by Dr. Edwin Hubble, of the famous Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution, who has shown that the great 100-inch telescope, the largest in the world, when used as a camera with a time exposure of one hour, will impress on the photographic plate the images of two million island universes up to 800 million million million miles distant—far beyond the borders of the Galaxy. This figure, though practically meaningless to the human mind, is just about fifty times as great as astronomers held the stellar world to extend only four or five years ago.

But all this is simply the beginning. When the projected 300-inch telescope —the one that is to cost $12,000,000— is ready for use it will permit island universes (the "spiral nebulæ" of the astronomer) seven times more distant to be photographed, and this would bring us in touch with an appreciable fraction, about one-five-hundredth, of the total radius of space according to the Einstein theory. The latter calls for a "finite, yet boundless" universe, an evident contradiction, due, however, to the inability of the human intellect to conceive of "curved space." But it must not be lost sight of that the truth of the Einstein theory, though strongly indicated by present evidence, is not yet established, while Dr. Hubble's estimates, though smaller, do actually depend on experiment and do not involve speculation.

This Were Infinity Enow

THE island universes mentioned above have themselves turned out to contain a staggering surprise. Once thought comparatively small parts of the system of stars we see at night, they have been found immensely larger; hence also more distant. Each probably contains millions of suns (stars) and no one knows how many invisible planets. As Dr. Hubble can photograph some two million of these clusters of stars, and assuming that each contains nearly as many stars as our Galaxy, which some think is simply one of them, we arrive by multiplication at simply stupendous concepts of the amount of matter in existence. No word to connote a universe composed of universes has yet been accepted.

In the last analysis, all attempts to conceive the vastnesses involved in modern astronomy are futile. We try to divide distances in parts and thus get within range of our own experiences, but we fool ourselves if we believe we have succeeded. Nevertheless let us take the distance reached by the 100-inch telescope, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles, and try to get hold of its ultimate realities. Light travels about the equivalent of eight times around the earth in one second; in a year, about 6,000,000,000,000 miles. So we divide, and find to our surprise that the quotient is as much as 100,000,000 years! The light that Dr. Hubble's plates received began traveling earthward about the time of the giant dinosaurs! Not even monkeys had evolved then.

But we have ridden our racing ray of light long enough and far enough—too far, in fact, for comfort. "Miles per gallon" is a more mundane, satisfactory and comfortable unit of distance for all of us to fall back on after such an Icarian effort. The more man finds out about the universe or universes, the more insignificant he grows. Or does he not thereby increase rather than decrease his stature?

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Rear-Admiral William H. Bullard
Chairman of the Radio Commission

The Radio Commission

THE Radio Commission has begun to function, despite the difficulties under which its existence commenced. First, the Senate refused to confirm the appointment of two of the five men named by President Coolidge. Next, and much more serious, the Senate, in its final jamboree, left unpassed the bill which would have appropriated money for the work of the Commission. The President, however, gave recess appointments to the two men not confirmed. Secretary of Commerce Hoover arranged to lend the Commission a clerical force from the Department of Commerce, and arrangements were made for finding remnants of funds here and there which can be applied to the other necessary expenses of the Commission.

The men constituting the Commission are, with one exception, specialists in various phases of radio communication. William H. Bullard, of Media, Pennsylvania, a retired Rear-Admiral of the United States Navy, is Chairman. He was for three years Director of Naval Communications, and is a member of the Institute of Radio Engineers. Orestes H. Caldwell, of Bronxville, New York, has been for twenty years editor of electrical and radio magazines. Henry A. Bellows, of Minneapolis, has also been connected with radio magazines and for some time past has been director of Station WCCO. John F. Dillon, of San Francisco, was long an officer in the Signal Corps of the Army and for some years past has been a radio inspector in the Department of Commerce.

The one member of the Commission not a radio expert is Judge Eugene O. Sykes, of Jackson, Mississippi. He is a lawyer of high standing and was for eight years a justice of the Supreme Court of Mississippi. He will have charge of the legal side of the Commission's work. He is acting as temporary Chairman pending the return from Europe of Admiral Bullard.

Judge Sykes and Mr. Bellows are

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Democrats, the other three Republicans. Mr. Bellows and Mr. Caldwell, the one a Democrat and the other a Republican, were refused confirmation by the Senate. The objection to them, as expressed by Senator Dill, one of the authors of the Radio Law, was that they were likely to be too much under the influence of Secretary Hoover. If the Senate had had more time, they would probably have been confirmed.

The Sixty-ninth Congress

THE Sixty-ninth Congress was so disgraced by the disastrous final filibuster in the Senate that its good points were, in the main, overlooked. Perhaps the flare of anger engendered by the undignified spectacle in the Senate has sufficiently subsided that a word may now be said for the Congress.

The Sixty-ninth was, in many particulars, an exceptional Congress. Not the least of these was its efficiency. That applies more largely to the House. But it applies, in somewhat smaller but still in considerable measure, to the Senate during the first session and a part of the second. It was only at the end of the final session that the Senate became powerless.

A great deal of good legislative work was done. The House discovered an ability for compromise and adjustment between its parties, for taking the good of both sides and putting it into composite measures. The first fruit of this was the Revenue Law—half Administration, half opposition—which passed the House in less time than any similar measure ever took. Similar, if less impressive, team-work was done in the House throughout.

The Senate at times rose above its recent self and accomplished results. Perhaps this was due to the example of the House, to a pressure of bills from the House which the Senate could not always delay about. But, even under this pressure, the Senate was not able to overcome its tendency to quibble and squabble, to exalt words above acts, to look at trivial faults to the exclusion of larger virtues.

Independence—for Good or for Evil

IN larger measure, perhaps, than any previous Congress, the Sixty-ninth was independent. Whether that is a good or a bad thing is, of course, open to question. It may be in some respects good, in others bad. Whatever the result may be if this tendency continues, the fact remains that we have had a Congress of the same political faith as the President which yet in its action on specific measures was hardly at all influenced by the President. This virtue—or this vice—may not have been wholly inherent in the Congress. There were indications that President Coolidge did not try to exert a dominating influence at the Capitol.

Much of the independence was, however, inherent in the Congress. Republicans and Democrats, as never before, acted together both for and against Administration measures. They supported the President in so far as they thought that the measures which he advocated were worthy of support. The organization Democrats, with one or two exceptions, showed no hesitancy about supporting a measure because it was an Administration measure. The organization Republicans, with few exceptions, did not hesitate to oppose a measure because it was an Administration measure.

The President opposed an appropriation for the construction of cruisers authorized. A majority of both Republicans and Democrats voted for the appropriation.

The President strenuously opposed the McNary-Haugen type of "agricultural relief." A majority of both Republicans and Democrats voted for the McNary-Haugen Bill.

A number of other instances might be cited, but these are the most outstanding. As The Outlook sees the situation, Congress was right in the former and wrong in the latter of these instances. But it is hardly to be denied that something has been gained by having an opposition independent enough to support Administration measures and a majority independent enough to oppose Administration measures upon occasion.

What has been said in this connection applies, not to insurgents who wear the Republican label, but to regular Republicans. The insurgent Republicans were, almost without exception, on the President's side in the cruiser fight.

Still, the fact that there were insurgents undoubtedly helped in bringing about such a situation. The Republicans had no clear and dependable majority. A part of the responsibility which ordinarily rests upon a majority fell upon the minority, the Democrats. They were less at liberty to "play politics" than a minority usually is.

Conscience and Treasury Vouchers

SENATOR BORAH, refusing to accept a salary of $10,000 during the term for which he was elected to serve at a salary of $7,500, returning $2,500 yearly to the Treasury, has done a commendable thing in a commendable way. He made no announcement of his determination. It was discovered by the reporter's probe.

One other man, in the other house, Representative Tucker, of Virginia, took the same attitude publicly immediately after the Salary Increase Bill was passed early in 1925.

The legal right of Congress at any time to increase by law the compensation of its members is undoubted. The moral right is hardly to be questioned. But the personal nicety of distinction exercised by Senator Borah and Representative Tucker is to be commended. It does not follow, however, that other Senators and Representatives in like situation are under strict moral obligation to take similar action.

Another return of money recently made by a United States Senator seems more a needless sacrifice. The Senate voted $7,500 to Senator Greene, of Vermont, to defray medical expenses incurred as the result of a wound received from a stray bullet fired by a Federal prohibition agent in a chase of bootleggers. The voucher was issued three years ago. Senator Greene has just returned it.

Senator Greene was injured while engaged in the discharge of his official duties—as much so as a soldier wounded in battle. His injury is permanent. While the sentiment which prompted him to return the money must be respected, it is to be hoped that his action will not constitute a precedent which will prevent others from accepting money under similar circumstances. It may be that Senator Greene did not need the money appropriated for his benefit. Other officials upon whom accident may fall may not be so fortunately situated.

The White House in the West

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S outstanding talent seems to be for taking obvious proper steps while his friends and foes are conjecturing more complicated means which might, less surely, promote the same end.

With his plan to establish for this year a summer White House in the West, Mr. Coolidge will be the first President since McKinley to reside for part of his year west of the Alleghanies. President McKinley made extended summer visits to his home town of Canton, Ohio. President Coolidge's first invitations, when his decision to spend this summer in the West became known, were on behalf of Cody, Wyoming;

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Four wanton springs

(Richard III, Act I, Scene 3)

Cargill in the Clarksburg (West Virginia) Telegram

A candidate with references

From George Grow, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Seibel in the Richmond Times Dispatch

The intermittent alarm !

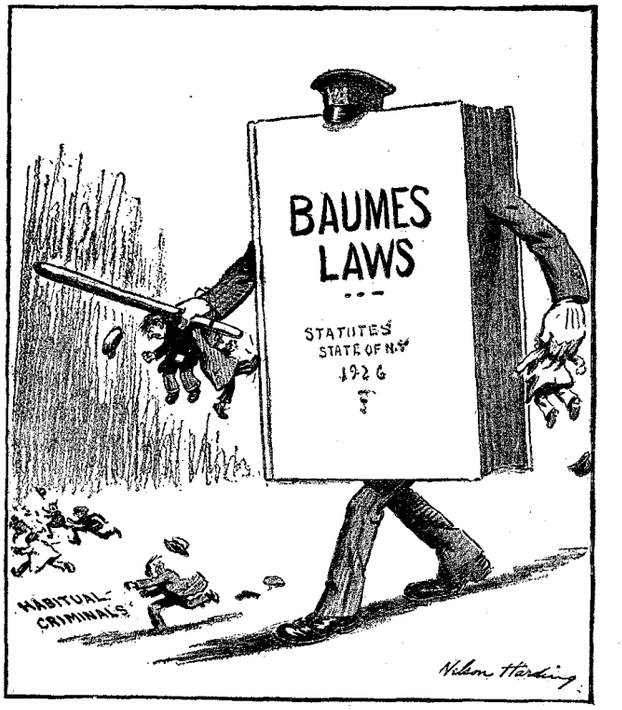
From Mrs. Ida R. Spain, Richmond, Va.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"Some job !"

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle



The rookie makes good

From Henry Charles Suter, Marion, Mass.

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Colorado Springs; the Black Hills of Wyoming and South Dakota; the suburbs of Salt Lake City; the Mount Rainier section of Washington; northern Minnesota; the summer resort section of Michigan; and the vicinity of San Francisco. The choice, however, is understood to be limited by the Rocky Mountains as a westward extreme, in the interest of accessibility to Washington.

The obvious significance of the President's plan is that he will go to a West which feels remote from Presidents and which will take pride and interest in having a President in its midst. The West has many things in common with Mr. Coolidge. In many ways the West is conservative with just Mr. Coolidge's sort of conservatism. Even though he goes to an agricultural West dotted with resentment of his veto of the outstanding Farm Relief Bill, his presence cannot fail to revivify to the West his personality and to palliate the opposition to an appreciable extent.

Prohibition and Customs

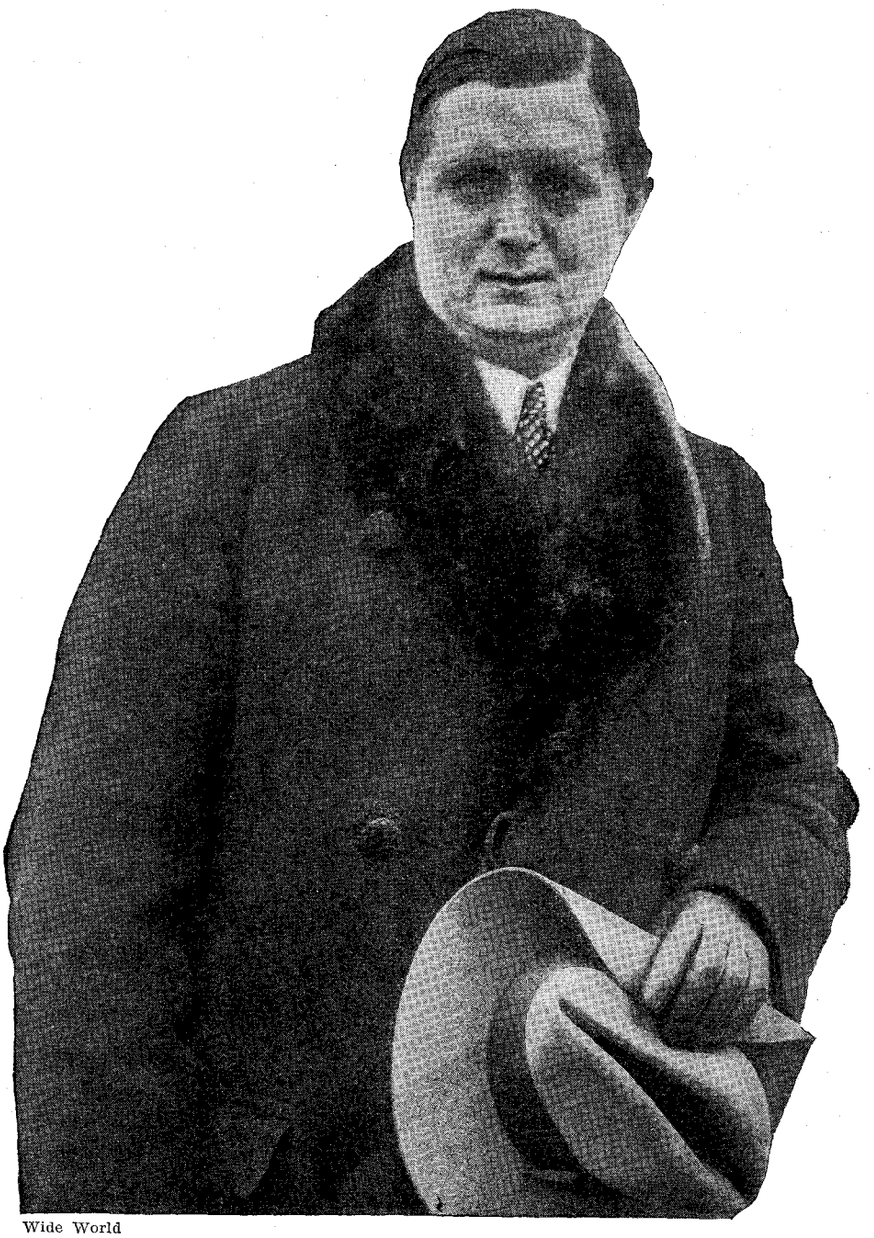
PERHAPS the most feverish activity that administrative Washington has known in years is just now in evidence in the effort to do the things necessary to put into effect on time the Customs and Prohibition Reorganization Law, approved on the next to the last day of the recent session of Congress. It was intended that the law should go into effect on July 1, but an amendment was approved almost at the last minute making it effective on April 1.

The Secretary of the Treasury is under the necessity of appointing, without much time for consideration, a Commissioner of Customs, a Commissioner of Prohibition, and some subordinate officials in both of the newly created bureaus. The burden of speedy action, however, falls less heavily upon the Secretary of the Treasury than upon the Civil Service Commission. About 2,500 enforcement positions, until now exempt from Civil Service requirements, must be filled and classified under Civil Service regulations. This, one of the best features of the new law, would doubtless have been better complied with if more time had been allowed.

Under the new law, the Commissioner of Prohibition will have larger duties than those which have heretofore rested on the head of the Prohibition Unit. Until now the duty of enforcing the Prohibition Law has rested upon the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. The Prohibition Unit has been merely a piece of machinery under his direction. The new law places the duty of prohibition enforcement directly upon the Secretary of the Treasury, with authority to delegate the duty to the Commissioner of Prohibition, who will be the chief official of the Bureau of Prohibition.

The connection of General Lincoln C. Andrews with prohibition enforcement will not be changed. He is Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, the representative of the Secretary with regard to prohibition enforcement and some other things, including customs.

Little has been said about the creation by the new law of a Bureau of Customs, and there is apparently no fight for the position of Commissioner of Customs; but this change is hardly less important than the other. Heretofore the collection of customs duties, our oldest source of revenue, has somehow gone on without a head. The duty rested upon the Secretary of the Treasury, with no subordinate official upon whom to place it.



Wide World

Fritz Busch, of Dresden

Guest conductor, for a few concerts, of the New York Symphony Society—youthful, energetic, galvanic, effective

Ontario's Liquor Plan

A BILL by which Ontario proposes to set up the Government control of liquor has been introduced into the Legislature of that Canadian province. Its primary object is to put an end to bootlegging and the evils that accompany it.

Experiences in five other Government control provinces, however, prove that bootlegging cannot be eliminated by the sale of liquor by the Government. Boot-

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legging thrives under such conditions, with liquor bought from the Government, immediately after the Government agencies close for the day, as well as on Sundays and holidays. And if the hours of sale are extended for that reason, and the places of sale multiplied, the secondary object of the bill, the promotion of temperance, is defeated.

The claim made that Government control, outside of Ontario, is an advanced temperance measure has appeared absurd in view of the columns of liquor advertising in the daily newspapers and the multitude of billboards inciting people to drink. But Ontario proposes to prohibit public advertising of liquor, and with it the practice of the liquor interests to subsidize the newspapers, indirectly, by buying large advertising space.

The new law forbids drinking in public places. It imposes a penalty of imprisonment, without the option of a fine, for every one who buys or sells liquor except through a Government agency. It authorizes the Liquor Control Board to set up stores for the sale of beer, other stores for the sale of beer and wines, and still others for the sale of all kinds of alcoholic beverages. It does not permit the Board to open a store of any kind in a district that voted itself dry under local option before prohibition became law.

Liquor may be bought by any resident more than twenty-one years of age who obtains a yearly permit. The quantities and dates of purchases must be indorsed upon the back of the permit. Visitors may obtain a monthly permit on payment of a small fee. Rooms in hotels and auto camps will be considered places of residence. Ontario will have a system under which hundreds of citizens will be walking the streets every day carrying in their pockets bottles of hard stuff they have just bought from Government stores.

In some of the provinces under Government control the breweries have run amuck. In spite of British Columbia's failure, Ontario will try to prevent anything of the kind by putting a Government official in each brewery.

Under the regulating powers of the Liquor Board, persons who sell native wines are not to be required to take out licenses.

The new law will be administered by a commission headed by D. M. Hanna, formerly the head of the Canadian National Railways. The hotel men are already saying that it will give rise to intolerable conditions. An agitation for the sale of beer and wines with meals is assuming considerable proportions.

Biased Justice in Ohio

THE United States Supreme Court has decided that a certain tooth in the Ohio statutes for enforcing prohibition is more than properly sharp—improperly barbed. By the statute in question prohibition fines are ordained to be divided equally between the State treasury and the township, municipality, or county where the prosecution is held.

In the particular case under appeal, the Mayor of the village of North College Hill, Ohio, had convicted one Ed Tumey of violating the State Prohibition Law, had fined him $100, and had ordered him imprisoned until the fine should be paid. The Supreme Court supported Tumey's contention that his conviction had been without due process of law, on the ground that the Mayor was disqualified from trying him, not only because he had an official interest in the village, which would profit financially from conviction, but also because under a North College Hill ordinance he would be reimbursed for his own costs in the case only from the fine which would follow a conviction. The Supreme Court decided that those two provisions might normally be considered motives for conviction and that they might have deprived the defendant of a fair trial.

The Ohio prohibition enforcement statutes were deliberately devised to encourage energetic prosecution of violations of the law. But more important even than stopping flagrant law violation is it that no man shall be deprived of justice, no matter if he be shamefully guilty. The Supreme Court has helped, not hurt, the cause of prohibition enforcement by this decision; for it has removed a wrong begotten by a right.

The Sea Powers and Their Navies

GREAT BRITAIN and Japan have accepted the suggestion of President Coolidge of a three-Power conference at Geneva in June on the subject of limitation of auxiliary naval armaments. In replying, the United States has voiced a hope that France and Italy may decide to be represented in some manner, and President Coolidge has invited them to send observers. Thus, with a conference on cruisers and submarines made a certainty, the way is opened for France and Italy to reconsider their unwillingness to agree to President Coolidge's first proposal for a five-Power conference.

It remains a question whether they will change their minds. In any case, even if the weight of the great sea Powers does swing them into line, they will not take any whole-hearted part in the discussions and resolutions of the conference. Both of them contend that questions of naval strength are inseparable from army strength, and that the whole problem of reduction of armaments must be considered as a unity. Their position serves to bring into sharper relief a division between the great nations which has been increasingly revealed since the war. That is the division between the land and the sea Powers.

Great Britain and Japan are primarily interested, for their security and self-support, in the safety of the sea lanes of commerce. France, despite her colonial holdings in Africa and Asia, is more interested in security on the Continent of Europe. Italy, with her long coast-lines and also with colonies in Africa, is more concerned with sea power than France, but remains most vitally concerned with the maintenance of order on the Continent.

The United States occupies a unique position between the two groups. So far as security and self-support are concerned, it enjoys command of the resources of a continent. But so far as international relations are concerned, its interests lie with the sea Powers. Consequently, our Government desires to have the problems of naval limitation dealt with separately.

Meanwhile Great Britain and Japan are proceeding with their navy-building programs, and our Navy Department has called for bids on the construction of six new cruisers. These include three which—we are glad to record—the President approved in signing the appropriation bill that was passed against his own original recommendations. So the stakes of the sea Powers are on the conference table.

King and Saklatvala

SENATOR KING, of Utah, has just enacted the rôle played about a year and a half ago by the British member of Parliament, Saklatvala. The Republic of Haiti is playing the rôle that in the Saklatvala case was taken by our Department of State. In announcing the exclusion of Senator King, President Borno, of Haiti, has said that his presence within the territory of the Haitian Republic would create disturbance because he had "publicly uttered in the United States a false and offensive declaration against the President of Haiti and his coadjutors" and had "made himself in the United States the agent of the worst element of disorder in Haitian politics." It is not possible to suppose that President Borno would have made this protest without feeling sure that his

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right to make it would be upheld by the United States Department of State. And in doing so President Borno would be making a reasonable assumption, for it is hardly to be supposed that our State Department would deny to another country the right to exclude an American legislator on grounds virtually identical with those which the Department of State had applied to a legislator of Great Britain.

The New Rector of the Sorbonne

THE death of M. Paul Lapie, the Rector of the Sorbonne, in Paris, left open a position which might have been expected to arouse a large amount of political discussion before a successor could be chosen, for the Sorbonne is more than an educational institution—it is an important center of French political and public thought. But the vacancy was filled in less than two weeks by what appears to have been a unanimous choice; and M. Sebastien Charléty moved from the University of Strasbourg to the University of Paris.

M. Charléty, equipped by service as Director of Public Education in Tunis and as Director-General of Public Education in Alsace-Lorraine after the war, finds himself in a position held for the first time—and that quite unofficially—by Abélard in the twelfth century, when the fame of the great savant's teaching brought scholars by thousands to the school in the shadow of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. A small institution this at first, attached to the church as a matter of course, and with a faculty that could easily live on the "Ile de la Cité." It was not long, however, before the Left Bank was needed for housing space for the teachers, as students poured in from all over Europe. Here each taught in his own home, liberated to a great degree from ecclesiastical supervision; but for their own interest instructors formed a corporation with their students. What we know popularly to-day as the Sorbonne takes its name from Robert of Sorbon, chaplain to Louis XI, who, moved by the poverty of many of the students, bought some houses near the Palace of the Cluny in 1253, and there lodged and fed many of the poorest, in which pious task he was abetted by the King.

The students were thus gradually led to organize in various ways. First, they elected a rector to represent them when their interests brought the "Universitas," or "Corporation," into contact with other organizations. Then they formed the four "Faculties" of Liberal Arts, Law, Medicine, and Theology. The final step was the grouping of the students according to nationalities: Normandy, Picardy, England, and France. "Hospitia"—dormitories for national groups—became known as "colleges." Though they were established with no idea of utilization as teaching units, it soon became evident that the colleges provided an excellent means of having students study under supervision. When, therefore, teachers also took up their residence within these walls, the college took form as we know the institution to-day.

Shifting Balances in Europe

THE nations at Geneva have been treated to the spectacle of Dr. Stresemann, Foreign Minister of Germany, presiding over the Council of the League of Nations. In negotiations with M. Briand of France, Sir Austen Chamberlain of Great Britain, and M. Zaleski of Poland he has found it possible to settle two difficult disputes—one by provision for an Inter-Allied military patrol in place of the French patrol of the Sarre coal basin pending the plebiscite which is to decide its final disposition, and the other by an agreement on principles to determine what children may be allowed to attend German-language schools in Poland. The German Nationalists have been howling behind his back in Berlin, but he has explained his policy to President Hindenburg, and it is probable that it will secure the necessary support.

While this peace-making has been under way at Geneva, Italy has disturbed many of the Foreign Offices of Europe by ratifying the treaty of 1920 with Rumania, by which Bessarabia was annexed to Rumania from Russia. It is understood that the final agreement with Italy was reached in return for petroleum and trade concessions; and there has also been talk of British anti-Russian influence with the Italian Government, which British officials have denied. The importance of the Italian action at the moment, however, is not so much in its effect on Russia—despite the significant plea of Germany's spokesman at Geneva for resumption of relations with Russia—as in its effect on the Balkans. It dangerously strains the so-called "Little Entente" between Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania.

Being Slavic states, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, although anti-Soviet, tend naturally to sympathize with Russia. The King and Queen of Jugoslavia have departed suddenly and in secret for Rumania, apparently to learn the diplomatic meaning of the new move. And among the consequences of Italy's ratification of the Bessarabian treaty, although it is already recognized by France, are these:

Increasing rivalry between France and Italy in Central Europe and the Balkans.

Stronger tendencies in France, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia for an understanding with Germany, and eventually Russia.

Closer relations between Italy, Hungary, and Rumania.

Increasing activity on the part of Italy in Albania, the next-door neighbor of Jugoslavia to the south on the Adriatic.

A revival of Russian activity in the Slavic states of the Balkans, along the lines of the old Pan-Slav policy.

Where all this regrouping of forces may end no one now can tell; but any one who remembers that trouble started in the Balkans in 1914 cannot help having some concern for "the peace of Europe."

Cæsar in Somaliland

A NEWSPAPER despatch from Rome announces the final subjugation of the remaining independent tribes of Italian Somaliland. Somaliland, divided between Britain, France, Italy, and Abyssinia, is the easternmost part of Africa, constituting a triangle protruding between the Indian Ocean and the Gulf of Aden. Italian Somaliland is the Indian Ocean coast and hinterland portion of the triangle, with a short segment abutting on the Gulf of Aden east of British Somaliland. The southern half of Italian Somaliland has been a crown colony since 1910; but the whole country has been an Italian sphere of influence since late in the last century.

The land is sparsely settled and poor in natural resources. The foreign population, almost all Italians, is small. Nevertheless the Italian civil government of southern Italian Somaliland has built more than 2,000 miles of roads and a short section of railroad.

With the advent of Fascism's aggressive colonial policy came the determination to bring all of Italian Somaliland directly under Italian sovereignty. The Somalis of the northern region, stalwart warriors, resisted stoutly. But finally, according to the despatch from Rome, the "rebels," with their leader, the Sultan of Mejertin, a refugee in British Somaliland, have formally surrendered their firearms. The movement to subjugate them began in 1925. This news focuses interestingly with the Italian revocation of every degree of self-government in the North African colonies.

In America, three seas away, it is difficult to see the advantage of occupying a poor land against the will of its inhabi-

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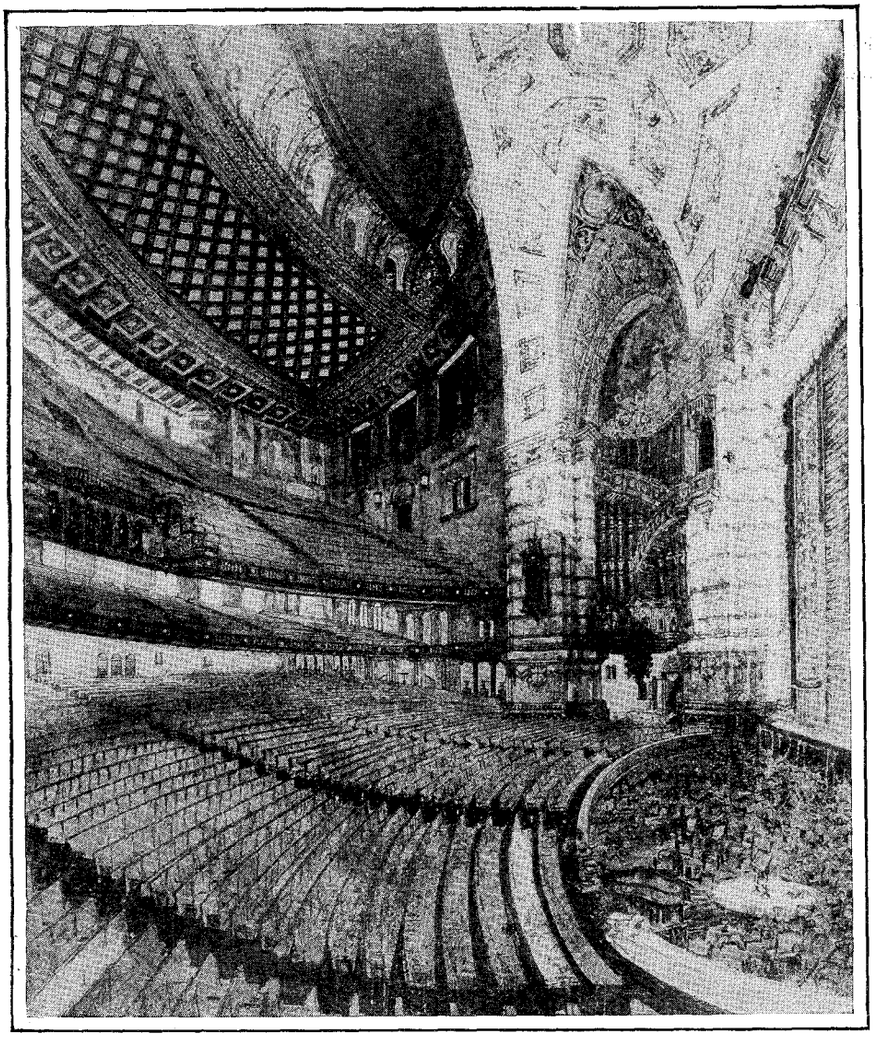

A Cathedral of the Movies, enormous, Neo-Hebraic-Ultraistic

tants, who are "rebels" merely because they resist foreign conquest. Perhaps Italy will justify her occupation. If so, she will have to justify it by making the lives of the Somalis better and freer and the territory they occupy more useful for the world.

The Japanese Earthquake

THE forces of nature have dealt hardly with Japan recently: first, the almost overwhelmingly disastrous earthquake of 1923; then, a fortnight ago, another series of heavy shocks which, though not comparable in effect to the earlier quake, killed about 2,500 persons and caused material damage estimated as exceeding $50,000,000. The 1927 shock was not much less forceful than that of 1923; but, whereas the earth movement two years ago took its toll from crowded Tokyo, this year's quake was localized in a rural region two hundred miles west of the capital. Even the near-by large cities of Osaka, Kobe, and Kyoto were reached only by shocks which did comparatively little destruction. The earth-wrenching was spent in laying waste by force and fire a number of small towns. The plight of the homeless, the injured, the bereaved, was aggravated by cold, rainy weather, which followed the earthquake.

Geologically, Japan's islands are "new" and unstable. Their foundations are straining and must seek equilibrium. Earthquakes afford relief to that condition. Indeed, the most recent one was not unexpected, since the most violent earthquakes are known to be followed by quakes of decreasing intensity before a period of equilibrium.

Internationally, Japan's grievous natural misfortunes bring her the sub-diplomatic sympathy of the world. The first earthquake, and America's response to it, might be considered to have completed the defeat of Japanese-American misunderstanding. When Florida suffered last year from its hurricane, Japan reciprocated with contributions for the sufferers. Only a few days before this latest earthquake twelve thousand dolls dressed by groups of American girls were ceremonially received throughout Japan as gifts for the annual doll festival—a new channel of approach to inviolable good will. Now, in the new emergency, Japan has capably inaugurated relief work. But the American Red Cross stands ready to add help from America if the superimposed burden proves heavy for Japan.

Roxy's "Cathedral"

PILGRIMS and strangers in the great metropolis point frequently with pride to their Main Street ways. But they have taught New York a lesson in hospitality and other matters. Broadway now welcomes the visitor with electric signs, and flashing lights direct and counsel him. One such blast of illumination will guide him to America's latest marvel, the "Cathedral of the Movies," *alias* "Roxy's." With fitting pomp and propagandist frills, the "Cathedral" opened its wide doors last week. It is not, as some might think, a modern temple of religion, but—like the Paramount, also recently opened, on Broadway—a theatric fane. Bells clanged, flags waved, and a tone-poem was played as the biggest, gaudiest, and most advertised structure of its peculiar kind extant opened.

With invocations, dances, symphony, and, as a special novelty, an interpretation of the "Suwanee River," six or more thousand charmed and innocent New Yorkers attended the grand dedication of the new Cathedral, not to Art, but to the genius of "Roxy"—Mr. S. L. Rothafel. The President of the United States blessed his enterprise from a mighty screen. The Mayor beamed down from one of the boxes. As they passed through a large outer hall, the happy seat-holders, who had paid eleven dollars each for the privilege, trod gently on a carpet weighing, according to "Roxy's" press agents, two tons and valued (by the press agents) at one hundred thousand dollars. A draped prophet, perched atop of a tall pedestal, recited verses—at one point slightly mispronouncing a good English word—and said, loudly, "Let there be light."

Then, at the bidding of the master who had conceived and built the Cathedral, there was light. Let loose, as if by magic, it flooded the musicians in a vast orchestra, half-blinded a conductor (the most artistic feature of the show), and, incidentally, allowed a much-awed audience to see that the Cathedral had been planned, by a minor master, in what, by those press agents, is described as the platteresque (why not plasteresque?) mode, but which to some appeared a Neo-Hebraic-Ultraistic style, with suggestions of the supposed golden glories of King Solomon's Temple, coy hints at the Moorish, and reversions to the Italian Renaissance. Broadway no doubt will gasp in wonder at the "Cathedral of the Movies." So may outsiders. After all, the great P. T. Barnum is not dead.

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He lives and reigns once more in the form of "Roxy."

Beethoven

ON March 26, Saturday of this week, a hundred years will have passed since Beethoven died.

For paying tribute to the genius of any man whom the world delights to honor mankind by common consent chooses as an appropriate time the anniversary of his birth. It is as if people wished to welcome again the coming into the world of one who has left them richer and happier. But for a reappraisal of the heritage which a genius has left to posterity it is natural that mankind should choose the anniversary of that day when his work was finished.

It is thus with this anniversary. For a hundred years the music of Beethoven has been tested by the experience of mankind. In that period generations have passed, customs have changed, passing tastes have disappeared, new experiments and explorations in tonal science and art have been made. And yet throughout these shuffling movements of human thoughts and ways the greater works of Beethoven have not only endured but have seemed to become invested with new power and value.[1]

What has kept and bids fair to keep Beethoven's music thus alive through the generations? What does it do to people that they prize it so?

Certainly what has made Beethoven's music endure is not his mastery of the technique of his art. That he was a master of it no one who is informed can deny. His fifty great note-books in which he recorded the themes that occurred to him and their multifarious forms are alone a unique testimony to his workmanship. But the real secret of his greatness is not there.

Certainly his departures from the conventional do not explain his greatness. To us to-day they seem very moderate. Musicians who, by their innovations, have horrified their contemporaries have lived and died in the obscurity to which they belonged. Beethoven's innovations were not the cause of his greatness, but a product of it.

If we read the story of his life, we are hard put to it to find in his character as there portrayed any secret of his greatness. In these days when the biographers gain temporary notoriety by "debunking" their subjects nobody has as yet had the temerity to try to "debunk" the biography of Beethoven. The reason is that it was "debunked" by Beethoven himself. He was of an explosive, unpractical, tempestuous temperament, a sore trial to his friends, a ready maker of enemies. His letters are full of his grievances, his sufferings, his weaknesses, his limitations. He was continually violent in his speech and in his actions. He lavished undeserved affection upon an unworthy nephew. Years before he reached middle life he began to grow deaf, and by the time he had reached the height of his musical power he was denied the enjoyment of the sense through which his art made its appeal. There was much in his life that was gray and grim, not a little that was even sordid. In the distinguished article upon Beethoven in the Encyclopædia Britannica it is said that "there is probably hardly any great man in history of whom more is known;" and yet where in all the life of this German of Belgian descent can we find the Beethoven whose music lives to-day? Through these incidents and actions that are often repellent and are sometimes brutal there strike, it is true, gleams of the humor that lighten up his music and there often rages the tempest that sometimes breaks loose in his greatest works. But where is the evidence of that serenity, that power, that self-control, that ordered beauty, that sense of the eternal, which underlies and overlays his art?

Goethe, great poet as he was, failed to find the real Beethoven because he looked for him in the wrong place. He once said of him: "Beethoven is, unfortunately, possessed of a wild and uncouth disposition; doubtless. he is not wrong in finding the world detestable, but that is not the way to make it pleasant for himself or for others." We may find the key to Beethoven in one of his letters, in which, in speaking of his failure in letter writing, he declares: "I am generally somewhat careless about writing, because I think that the better sort of men know me without this. I often compose the answer in my mind, but when I wish to write it down, I usually throw the pen away, because I cannot write as I feel."

There was one channel for his spirit. That was music. Finding the world detestable in its outward and temporary aspects, he nevertheless found something else beneath the surface. What he there discovered he created anew in forms that could be understood of men. He illustrated in his art the truth that Romain Rolland has expressed: "The spirit of man has such a strong desire for happiness that when it has it not, it is forced to create it." If Beethoven "expressed himself," as the saying is, it was because he first identified himself with those eternal things that are otherwise inexpressible. Or, to state the same thing conversely, in the words of Edward Carpenter, "Being such as he was, and a master spirit of his age, when he reached into himself for his own expression, he reached to the expression also of others." The same truth is stated in the words of Laurence Buermeyer, as quoted by Daniel Gregory Mason in his recent book "Artistic Ideals:" "A man is what he is because of what he includes, not excludes, because he has a share in a world which . . . offers him a means for satisfying his will, for 'finding himself.'" It was because of what Beethoven included in those deepest experiences that could find no other expression than his music that he is to-day as truly a seer as any prophet of religion.

[1] Beethoven's greatness is that of one who speaks to all sorts and conditions of men. It is natural that there should be celebrations observed by special performances of Beethoven's works—as, for example, the series of recitals in which the London String Quartet performed in New York all of Beethoven's compositions for that combination of instruments, or the centenary festival of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in which all nine of Beethoven's symphonies, the "Missa Solemnis," and three of his compositions in chamber music are being performed in Boston with the assistance of the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society, the London String Quartet, a pianist, and eight soloists. But what is perhaps the most striking feature of the celebration of this centennial is the special commemorative issue of phonographic recordings of a number of Beethoven's masterpieces. In the list of these are included the Columbia recordings of the nine symphonies; the "Moonlight," "Kreutzer," "Pathetique," and "Appasionata" Sonatas; the "Archduke String Trio;" the "Rasoumowsky" and four other string quartets, including the last composed; the Brunswick recording of the "Kreutzer Sonata; and the Victor recordings of the Third and Fifth Symphonies, the "Egmont Overture," the "Moonlight Sonata," the "Kreutzer Sonata," and two string quartets. This list includes only major works. In addition, minor works of Beethoven have also recently been published in phonographic form. The publication of these phonographic records is an indication of the permanence and popularity of Beethoven's greatest and profoundest works.

A Hundred Questions

IN an issue of The Outlook in April we intend to print one hundred questions.

Questionnaires are the order of the day. One of the "best sellers" among the books of the season is a volume of questions on matters of common knowledge. Newspapers are printing questions such as "Who was Cleopatra?" and "What is the distance between the earth and the sun?" As a game the questionnaire seems to be the successor of the cross-word puzzle. It normally consists of questions on general information. Such are the questions that we are printing this week in The Outlook. They are such as any one among the well-informed

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might answer without special preparation. At least they are not supposed to assume on the part of the person answering them necessarily any special knowledge. The one hundred questions we propose to print in The Outlook some time during April will, however, be of a different sort.

We have been told, and believe, that the constant and careful reader of The Outlook receives an education which is quite above the ordinary. In some cases readers have told us that their reading of The Outlook has given to them what they feel to be in many respects the equivalent of a course in a university. Outlook readers, therefore, should be exceptionally well informed. They ought to know more about what is happening in the world about them than people who have not taken the pains to read The Outlook or who, unfortunate ones, not being acquainted with The Outlook, have been in ignorance of the privilege they have missed! Consequently these questions will be designed for Outlook readers to test their special knowledge of affairs. These will be questions which careful readers of The Outlook ought to be able for the most part to answer, but which those who belong to the Outlook-less classes would find of service only as indicating the limitations of their knowledge.

We should like to have the aid of our readers in preparing these questions. As you read The Outlook you will find answers to unframed questions. Frame these questions and send them to us, if you please. We shall not promise to use all we receive or any, but we shall promise to give them our attention, study them, and make the best use of them we can in preparing the hundred questions on the special information that The Outlook has imparted during January, February, and March.

Patience with Mexico

THE best thing that the average citizen can do at the moment about the Mexican problem is to withhold judgment and wait for more facts. Patience, and the sort of restraint that refuses to complicate a difficult situation by ill-considered and intemperate opinions, are in the present case high civic virtues.

We have had reports from the correspondents in Washington that the latest confidential notes sent by the Secretary of State to the Mexican Government might mean the rupture of diplomatic relations. It has been rumored that the visit of Ambassador Téllez to Mexico City might signify his recall from his post because of hints that he was no longer acceptable to our Government. We have had insinuations that there are conflicts of opinion and quarrels between Ambassador Téllez and Consul-General Elias, of New York, regarding important points of policy in the controversy with the United States over the new Mexican land and petroleum laws. We have read lengthy attacks by Representative Gallivan on the Consul-General, on the charge that he has been carrying on propaganda. A pamphlet by the Consul-General has stated Mexico's case against the Mexican prelates. The Knights of Columbus have circulated a pamphlet on "Red Mexico," assailing the Mexican Government for its disestablishment of the Catholic Church.

Out of all this hurly-burly of discussion, two important considerations emerge. One is that our Administration at Washington obviously has more information than the rest of us, which it is temporarily, and doubtless wisely, keeping secret while it proceeds to negotiate with the Mexican Government. The other is that the Mexican Government is evidently disposed to try to meet the points of view which our Government is advancing. It is even reported that—as a result of the flying trip of Ambassador Téllez to Mexico City—the Mexican Cabinet has been debating the possibility of relaxation of the land and petroleum laws. The outcome remains uncertain. At least one Minister is understood to oppose any such relaxation. But, in any event, the course of affairs does not point to any sudden break of diplomatic relations—rather to a resumption of active relations after a period of inactivity.

Meanwhile we know that the Mexican Sinclair Petroleum Company, in a suit brought by the heirs of the Torres estate as claimants of certain lands held by the company, has had its titles confirmed by the Mexican Supreme Court. These titles the company held before the passage of the new Mexican Constitution of 1917, which set up the principle of national ownership of land and subsoil rights. Thus another act is added to the evidence that the Mexican intention—as the Mexican Government has declared—is not to make the new land and oil laws affect rights legitimately acquired before the Constitution was adopted.

The real issues between Mexico and the United States appear to be in process of being adjusted gradually. Meanwhile it is a duty for us as citizens and for our representatives to be ready to give both Governments full and undisturbed time and not—to twist the meaning of a good old word—to go Gallivanting around with issues which do not concern us.

A National Service by Newspapers

UNLESS the American Constitution is something more than a document it is not a constitution.

What we commonly call the Constitution is simply the record in words of the principles by which a hundred million people have adjusted their political relations since 1789, continue to adjust them, and expect to adjust them in the future. It is therefore only as these hundred million people embody these principles in their thoughts and conduct that the Constitution lives. Because the United States is made up of living people and not puppets, the Constitution, as thus embodied in thought and practice, changes and grows. Not all the changes in the Constitution are, or need be, recorded in the document which we call the Constitution. It is sufficient that the document serve as an adequate reminder of the principles or general laws according to which the practices and thought of the people have developed. Thus old phrases and old principles assume new forms. The Constitution can perish only when the people cease to develop according to these laws, cease to be guided by these principles.

It is therefore necessary for the preservation of the Constitution that the people should be kept acquainted with its principles and preserve their admiration for its character and spirit.

For this reason the public schools of the several States, which were established to provide an intelligent citizenry, are the appropriate means for cultivating among the people a knowledge of the history and the principles of the Constitution. For this reason also the public press, which can justify its existence in a democracy only as it diffuses such knowledge among the people as will form a proper basis for public opinion, has a special opportunity for encouraging knowledge of the Constitution and its history. It is consequently fitting and proper that a group of leading newspapers in this country should have assumed the task of conducting and financing a National Oratorical Contest in the schools, both public and private, on the Constitution. This is the fourth year in which such a National Oratorical Contest has taken place. The newspapers participating in the conduct of this contest are as follows:

Washington "Star;" New York

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"Times;" Chicago "Daily News;" Philadelphia "Bulletin;" Birmingham "Age-Herald;" Kansas City "Star;" Los Angeles "Times;" Pittsburgh "Sun;" Seattle "Times;" Atlanta "Constitution;" Montgomery "Journal;" Mobile "News-Item;" Winston-Salem "Journal;" Mobile "Register;" Louisville "Courier-Journal;" Louisville "Times;" Oklahoma City "Oklahoman;" Chattanooga "Times;" Rochester "Telegram - Chronicle;" Youngstown "Vindicator."

Since February 1 the schools have been preparing for this contest. As its contribution to this fine undertaking by daily newspapers The Outlook has printed each week an article on some aspect of the Constitution. The period of preparation is now drawing to a close. If there is any school that desires more information on the subject, it should write to the National Oratorical Contest manager of the newspaper in its own region. In case of any doubt, the Educational Editor of The Outlook would be very glad to aid it in getting further information.

On May 27 eight contestants who have won their way through district and regional contests will compete for the National honors at Washington, D. C. The judges in that contest will be five Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court—Justice Van Devanter, Justice Sutherland, Justice Butler, Justice Sanford, and Justice Stone. In the autumn the winner of this National contest will compete with the winners of similar contests in other countries, in which each participant will take for his subject some aspect of the basic principles of the Government of the nation he represents. Last year was the first in which such an international contest took place, and the American entrant won the contest.

To practically all of the participating schools this is an old story. To the country at large it will become increasingly a matter of news and of interest. There are in the United States disintegrating forces at work. They are no more or no stronger than they have been in times past, but it is a question whether they are meeting in our diverse and prosperous population the resistance that they have at other times encountered. At least this is true, that with each new generation the old principles have to be restated and in a measure the old conflict between what is destructive of the Constitution and what is preservative has to be fought over again. Such a process of education as this contest encourages brings reinforcements to the process of preservation, construction, and progress.

A British Portrait

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE British still show themselves to be masters in the field of biographical literature. To be sure, American men of letters, in spite of their passion for fiction, have proved that when they do turn their attention to biography they also can produce master works. Beveridge's "Life of Marshall" and the literary biography of the philosopher William James by his son Henry James are examples of American capacity in this domain of literature. Nevertheless, as I have more than once pointed out in these columns, the British are still champions in personal portraiture, even when their subjects are Americans. The best single-volume life of Lincoln is by an Englishman, Lord Charnwood; the best single-volume life of Alexander Hamilton is by an Englishman, F. S. Oliver; the best compact life of Thomas Jefferson is by an Englishman, Francis Hirst; the best interpretation of "Stonewall" Jackson and his military genius is by an Englishman, Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson.

The reasons why the best biographies come from London pens and London presses I leave to more competent psychologists than I am to explain. Here I merely content myself with stating the fact which I think is quite demonstrable. My conviction is confirmed by a book[1] which has just come into my hands from across the Atlantic, a life of Lord Shaftesbury, the famous philanthropist. It is true that the author is not an Englishman, but a Canadian, and was educated at Queens University and Toronto University in Canada, and at Columbia University and Union Seminary in the city of New York. I knew him at a time when he was minister of a small Presbyterian church in a country village in New York State. Becoming profoundly interested in the problems of industrial democracy, he sailed for England some years ago in the steerage "to study," as he says in a letter to me, "the social-industrial problem in the land where there factory system first began to revolutionize the economic life of the modern world." Supporting himself by lecturing, preaching, and writing, he carried on his studies through the medium of the University of London, and the present volume, a colorful, human, but thoroughly documented narrative, is his doctorate thesis at that institution. It is an illuminating specimen of what the English university system succeeds in doing for history and literature.

Lord Shaftesbury was the progenitor of the modern labor revolution in England. An aristocrat of aristocrats in heredity, he became a thoroughgoing democrat, not in the political but in the social sense. He was the seventh Earl of direct descent in a long line dating from the days of Cromwell and the Charleses. His father was a typical English nobleman of the late eighteenth century, and his mother, a Marlborough, was the sort of woman to whom "the wit, the intrigue, the vanity, the display of exclusive drawing-room and scented courts were the breath of life." Shaftesbury seems to have received his earliest impulses towards philanthropy from an old family nurse to whose care he was largely committed by his somewhat negligent father and mother. Two anecdotes related by Mr. Bready picturesquely illustrate Shaftesbury's understanding of the common people, although he was an honor graduate of Oxford and for years a member of the House of Lords, where his fellow-peers regarded him as austere and unbending.

> Maria [his nurse] bequeathed him her gold watch as a remembrance of her love; and till the day of his death, in his eighty-fifth year, he carried no other. On one occasion, while visiting in a disreputable community, this watch was stolen from his pocket. He advertised, stating particulars; a settlement of thieves, dwelling near the scene of the theft, tracked down the traitor in their camp, and a few days later a sack, containing both the watch and the urchin who had stolen it, was deposited on Shaftesbury's doorstep; at the same moment the door-bell was clamorously rung and the two captors who brought the culprit, plus the recovered spoil, dashed off in a cab. Till his last days Shaftesbury was fond of showing this watch to his friends; and, on such occasions, almost invariably, he remarked: "That was given me by the best friend I ever had in the world."

The other anecdote is a still more striking instance of Shaftesbury's sympathetic understanding of the underworld:

> Through the friendship of Thomas Jackson, a city missionary, he familiarized himself with the haunts of certain gangs of thieves; and this familiarity gave birth to a piquant

[1] Lord Shaftesbury and Social-Industrial Progress. By J. Wesley Bready, M.A., B.D. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London.

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romance. In 1848, Ashley [Shaftesbury's family name was Anthony Ashley Cooper, and until he succeeded to the earldom his title was Lord Ashley] received a "round robin," signed by forty thieves, requesting him to confer with them and their gangs. He was not the man to refuse. Unattended, at the stroke of the hour, he arrived at the appointed place, in which had assembled some four hundred thieves, half of whom were housebreakers. So, with doors locked and guarded, this strange meeting began, Ashley, save for the missionary, being the only law-abiding citizen present. The story of the penitent thief was first read. Prayer followed. The guest of honor then asked his hosts to unburden their minds. Several spoke. Some claimed they had been forced into their desperate "trade;" many craved a new chance toward an honest life. Shaftesbury answered in a religious, but practical vein; and the result was that when, a few months later, he succeeded in opening a way of escape, nearly three hundred thieves emigrated to the colonies, where they got a new start; and most of them "made good."

This volume is not merely a personal portrait, but is a history of the advance of England during a hundred years from a condition of white slavery in factories and mines to a state of industrial, educational, and political freedom for the working classes. In this extraordinary and on the whole peaceful revolution Shaftesbury, Mr. Bready maintains, was the British Abraham Lincoln. "He was as much the Emancipator from industrial tyranny as Lincoln was the Emancipator from American slavery."

This interesting biography has not yet, I believe, been published in this country. But it ought to be, for, as St. Loe Strachey has remarked in the London "Spectator," it "should be read by every politician and every publicist of our period." It remains to be added that Shaftesbury, although wholly free from formalism, cant, and hypocrisy, was a deeply religious man. This, however, might be regarded as a defect in the American best-selling world, of which Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" appears to be—temporarily, let us hope—the *beau ideal.*

Crossed Corn

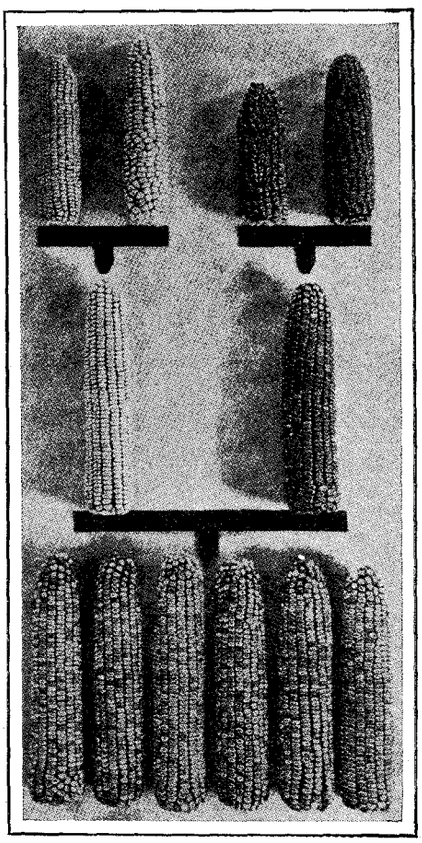
Remarkable Results in Crop Increasing Developed in Connecticut

By DON C. SEITZ

THE "double cross" is a slang term for getting the worst of it at the hands of another. The "double cross" in this instance is the rather remarkable results of hybridizing corn at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment stations at Storrs and Mount Carmel during the past five years, some results of which are made public in a recent Bulletin. While pure strains in horses, cattle, and poultry are deemed to produce the highest results, with the mule as an exception in the equine class, it would appear that plants require constant refreshment if their productivity is to be maintained. This seems to be peculiarly the case with corn.

As much as 116 bushels of shelled corn per acre has been the yield from hybridizing what is known as the D. C. Burr-Leaming variety, "double crossed." In five years' average the yield was fourteen bushels of shelled corn per acre above that of the best varieties grown on uncontaminated stalks. Some of the results of cross-breeding sweet corn are remarkable. A cross of two inbred strains grown for canning purposes yielded six tons of ears per acre, as against three and one-half tons produced from standard evergreen seed without cross-fertilization.

One curious development of the experiment was the fact that "nubbins" brought forth just as fine, full ears as the most carefully selected varieties, after hybridization. Weak, spindling stalks when crossed by dwarfs grew tall and vigorous. The report observes:



Illustrating by actual field results the bringing together of four inbred strains by three crossings to produce double-crossed corn

"When an inbred strain is crossed with another strain from the same or different variety, there is a very great increase in size and yield in the next generation, . . . due apparently to the fact that the good qualities of both parents are expressed in the offspring, while the weak qualities are covered over for the time being. . . . What one parent lacks is supplied by the other and conversely. Hybrid vigor seems to be a wise provision on the part of nature to enable the offspring to make the best of a bad ancestry."

The hybrid vigor is, however, not permanent. The second-generation ears fall off about twenty per cent. The uplift of cross-breeding must therefore be an annual affair, but the results are so substantial that extra cost of seed and trouble is well invested. To further quote the report:

"He who invents a new machine or a new process of manufacturing can patent his product and reap a reward for his industry and inventiveness. The originator of a new and improved plant or animal ordinarily loses control of his product as soon as he sells his first seeds or breeding stock.

"With crossed corn the situation is entirely changed. The seed that is sold is used to produce a superior crop of corn, but this in turn cannot be used for further planting, and the only way the same result can be secured is to obtain seed from the original producer each year. This is an advantage that will result beneficially to both the seedsman and the one who plants the seeds. This will stimulate the production of better kinds of corn as nothing else has ever done. Larger crops of better corn will be harvested on the same acreage and with the same labor. Therefore the cost

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of producing a bushel of corn will be reduced."

The methods employed at the stations for cross fertilizing are simple and interesting. A three-pound paper sack is placed over the ear shoot as soon as it appears and before any silks are showing. The bag is slipped over the ear shoot without being opened and is held in place with a wire paper clip. At the same time, or a day or two later, an eight-pound bag is put over the tassel and securely fastened around the stalk at the base of the tassel, also with a wire clip.

Two or three days later, depending upon the weather, when the silks are out about three inches beyond the tip of the ear, the tassel is bent over and shaken into the tassel bag, which has been unfastened. This collects the fine yellow powder—the pollen—which is dusted over the silks. The small bag is replaced quickly over the ear and the larger tassel bag is put over this, thus guarding against breaks in the bags, which will let in pollen from outside. The bags are left on until the ears are gathered in order to mark them.

Pollination can only be done when the bags are dry. Wet weather or heavy dew, which causes the pollen to clump together, renders it unfit for use. Only a very small quantity of good pollen is needed, and this should be applied as soon as possible after the silks appear.

Care is taken to avoid touching the silks with the hands, and also near-by plants are pushed away so that their pollen will not fall on the silks. Hand pollination in this way insures that the ears are fertilized with pollen from the same plant. This is the closest kind of inbreeding and will have very noticeable effects on the resulting progeny.

At the station the method of obtaining good inbred strains is as follows: A variety is chosen which has been thoroughly tested and is known to be well adapted to the purposes to which it is to be put. A large number of the best ears of this variety are selected and seed from each ear is planted in a separate row in the field. About 20 to 30 plants are grown in each row. When the plants are ready to silk out, five of the best plants are self-pollinated.

When it is considered that the annual corn crop is around 2,700,000,000 bushels, grown often on land ranging in value of $200 to $300 per acre, it will be seen that a largely increased yield without super-fertilization is a matter of much moment. The two separate strains of corn must be maintained free from mixing with each other or any other kind of corn, and these two types must be planted in alternating rows and all the plants of one of them detasseled before pollen is shed. The seed produced on these castrated plants is used for planting to produced crossed corn.

Discipline in Spain

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

"SEÑOR, we Spaniards are only passengers. We are simply spectators. We do not take the same interest in our politics that the people over the border in France do in theirs. We are probably more apathetic; certainly, alas! we are more illiterate. But misgovernment has been responsible for most of our attitude.

"For instance, it has made precious little difference to us whether our Cortés [Parliament] is in session or not. Yes, I know, we are supposed to elect the Cortés. As a matter of fact, however, whatever Cabinet happens to be in power and the *caciques* [bosses] have always practically chosen it. We have gone through the motions of self-rule. But *caciquismo* [boss rule] has pulled the strings, even sometimes to the temporary imprisonment of inconvenient electoral opponents. Probably we represent an extreme degree of bossism. But there is, I fancy, a little of it in all countries, is it not so?

"Nevertheless there is in Spain a decided difference between the old rule and the new. *Caciquism* is no longer what it was.

"We owe the change to General Miguel Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella. What matters it that he gave us at first a military and not a civil government? The main thing is that under him we have had less misgovernment."

So spoke a Spanish country gentleman the other day.

Primo de Rivera

SPAIN, a country of great natural wealth, was once a mighty Power. She is so no longer. Corruption in high places has brought her 22,000,000 people low. Parasites have battened on her governments. Bribery and graft have seemed universal; thus the rich have avoided paying taxes. Government subsidies have steadily found their way into private pockets, and even Government supplies have been openly sold for the profit of venal officials. Not only has there been administrative chaos and the squandering of public moneys, but, what is worse, a general contempt of all authority and law. The continuance in any country of such a state of things leads to disruptive revolution and social dissolution.

To change corruption into honest rule, the country evidently needs an exceptional form of government.

In September, 1923, a bold, able man, namely, Primo de Rivera, then Captain-General at Barcelona, saw a chance of quick success for it. He wanted to lead the reform. But to succeed he must have the King's confidence. General Primo was then fifty-three years old. Alfonso XIII was sixteen years his junior.

The General won the royal confidence, and at Barcelona, famous for its Communists, on September 13, 1923, a stroke of state, looking towards proper Government discipline, leaped into being.

On September 14 Spaniards awoke to find their Cabinet and the two houses of their Parliament swept out of existence.

The Directory

FOR Parliament the Marquis de Estella substituted a Directory. It consisted of himself as Dictator and head, assisted by eight generals and one admiral. This body proceeded to issue peremptory orders as royal decrees with the force of law.

Military discipline was at once evident. It lessened the number of civil servants by a quarter. This quarter specially included the salary snatchers—with no work done to match!—and more particularly the thieves to be prosecuted for corrupt practices.

The Directory then abolished the privileges of life Senators.

It also abolished the provincial prefectures throughout the Kingdom.

It dissolved the nearly 9,300 municipal corporations, nominally elected by the people, but in most cases really selected by the local *cacique* of the Cabinet in power. It replaced each of these corporations by a single agent, an *alcalde* or mayor, reporting directly to

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Underwood & Underwood

Primo de Rivera, wearing the cap and gown as Doctor of History, an honorary degree conferred upon him by the University of Salamanca, Madrid

it, encouraging the mayors to improve their communities, and in some cases actually providing them with funds for that purpose. It thus built up a direct system, without middlemen, of control and obligation.

"The new régime will be only transitory," remarked the Dictator when he took over the Government. The Spaniards waited two years. The civilian part of the Kingdom then showed misgivings lest military rule become eternal.

So the Marquis treated the nation to a new surprise. He changed the military for a civil Dictatorship. Spaniards again awoke, and this time to find their Primo no longer President of a military Directory, but the Prime Minister of a civilian Cabinet. True, at the War and Navy Offices he retained trusted officers from the military régime, but gratified his adverse critics by appointing civilian Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Home Affairs, Justice, Finance, Public Works, Education, and Labor.

Labor and Land

THE Directory had now become a living integrity and was making its way. Relying upon united army support, the Dictator aimed at industrial peace and progress. He has succeeded. His Labor Code, his Co-operative Labor Organization, and his high tariff protection pleased both labor and capital. The leaders of the Syndicalist movement of terrorism at Barcelona actually fled before him. Meanwhile new industries began to spring up as never before, especially the tax-free, and, incredible as it may seem, some even with a Government guaranty of interest on their capital.

Achievements also of far-reaching influence were the organization of a system of agricultural credit and the amelioration of land tenure. These reforms are particularly appreciated just now, for, following the bumper crops of other years, the 1926 grain, olive, and wine yields have been poor.

In harmony with the above, irrigation works were begun, highways mended, and railways enabled to obtain state financial aid for improving their lines. The railways certainly needed it; a decade may be necessary to Spain, unaided, to bring her transportation system up to the best European standard. The civil Dictatorship is rivaling its military predecessor's energy, and has now approved an extraordinary expenditure, beyond the annual Budget, of enough to give Spain four thousand miles of highway and over five thousand miles of railway in ten years.

Agreements Not Kept

CERTAIN pesky chickens nevertheless are coming home to roost.

In the first place, the Spanish Constitution enjoins the monarch not to separate the Cortés meetings by longer than three-month intervals. But, though the Dictator's sworn intention is to resume this constitutional practice with the briefest delay (in 1924 he declared that Spain would again have a Parliament that year), the interval has now been longer than three *years!*

In the second place, elections of various kinds were to be held, General Primo announced, as soon as conditions mended. Conditions have mended. The elections have not yet been held.

In the third place, those with Separatist tendencies in the Catalan provinces had been won to the new rule by promises of wider representation. However economically appeased, politically Catalonia remained disgruntled because the Provincial Statute, promulgated two years ago, maintains Spain's former division into forty-nine provinces, instead of an expected gerrymandering to give Catalans their desired weight. More than that, the four Catalan provinces lost what previous Governments had granted—the liberty of combining expenses in roads, schools, and other provincial matters.

Conclusion

THE Spanish Dictatorship is thus undemocratic and reactionary in disregarding the Constitution, in suppressing elections, and in riding roughshod over the provinces, the press, and public meetings.

But in some other respects it is decidedly and gratifyingly progressive. It has simplified and purified the taxation system. It has disciplined the bureaucrats. We have seen what it has done for labor, land, and transportation.

If it should fall to-morrow, Spain could, from its existence, register a net gain.

San Sebastian, Spain.

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How They Get That Way

By CULPRIT 49,068

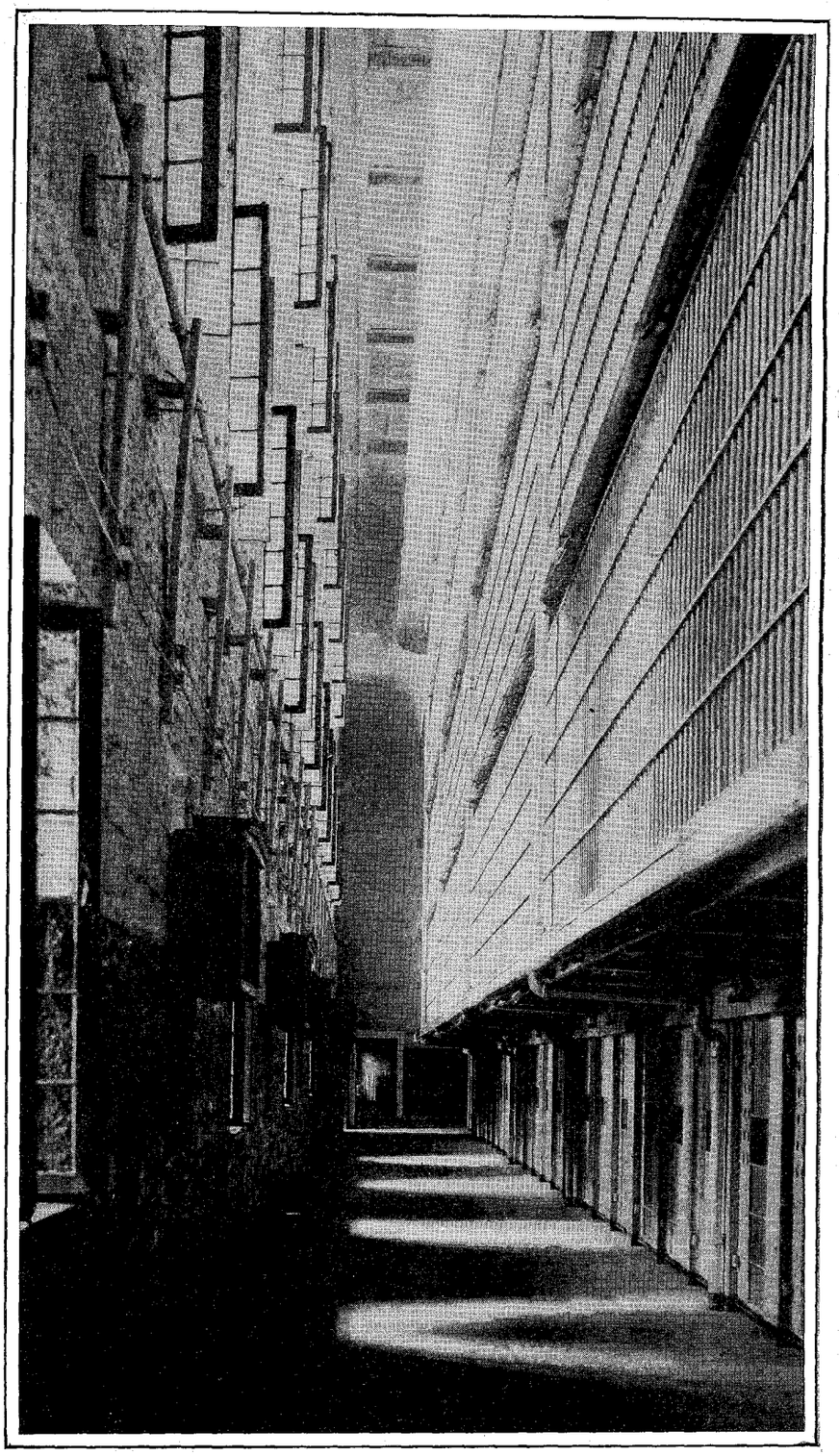
BEFORE going any further I am going to break down and confess that I am neither a criminologist nor a penologist, although I have taken numerous degrees (mostly thirds) in the science of penology. But I have been a criminal; I have associated with criminals of all types, for the last six years of my life have been spent in prison with men whom the world has battered and whipped because their machines of thought and action were badly assembled in the factory, or were damaged in the collision with modern life; and I have seen criminals developed. And if practical experience or first-hand information is worth a "tinker's dam," I ought to be fairly well equipped to tell how we got that way.

MANY words, some pertinent and some impertinent, have been written around the so-called great American crime wave, and many remedies have been prescribed. Perhaps the most nonsensical of these *cures* is the suggestion that all our prisons be abolished in favor of some fool policy based on brotherly love.

Listen to one who knows just how fatal that would be: *Don't even think of it!* Prisons *are* necessary evils. When an individual will not live at large in conformity to social rights and becomes, as I did, a serious menace to the peace and safety and property of a civilized community, that individual, rich or poor, influential or friendless, should be removed from active circulation like a spurious coin and clapped into a convenient strong place and kept there until he has been thoroughly uncriminalized. Better read that last clause over again. I didn't say "criminalized," I said "*un*-criminalized"—something mere imprisonment will not accomplish. But I'll go into that later.

Flitting to the other extreme brings us to the somewhat bloodthirsty pack who have been clamoring loudly and frequently for their pound of flesh. This they usually want collected via the lash or some other equally barbaric method. "Sob stuff!" they snarl, whenever a scientific student of criminology advocates sanity in dealing with criminals. "If you have so much pity for thugs and bandits, why don't you have a little pity for their victims?"

A crushing retort. But, like Achilles, it has one fatal weakness. It is based upon the theory that a person can have only so much pity in his system. That if he pities the stupidity of "Two-Gun Pete" and "Second-story Mike" and



Each one of the "guests" of this bastile should be worth $50,000 if all the money that crime costs should go to the criminals. Does it? If not, where does it go? This article suggests a line of thought on that

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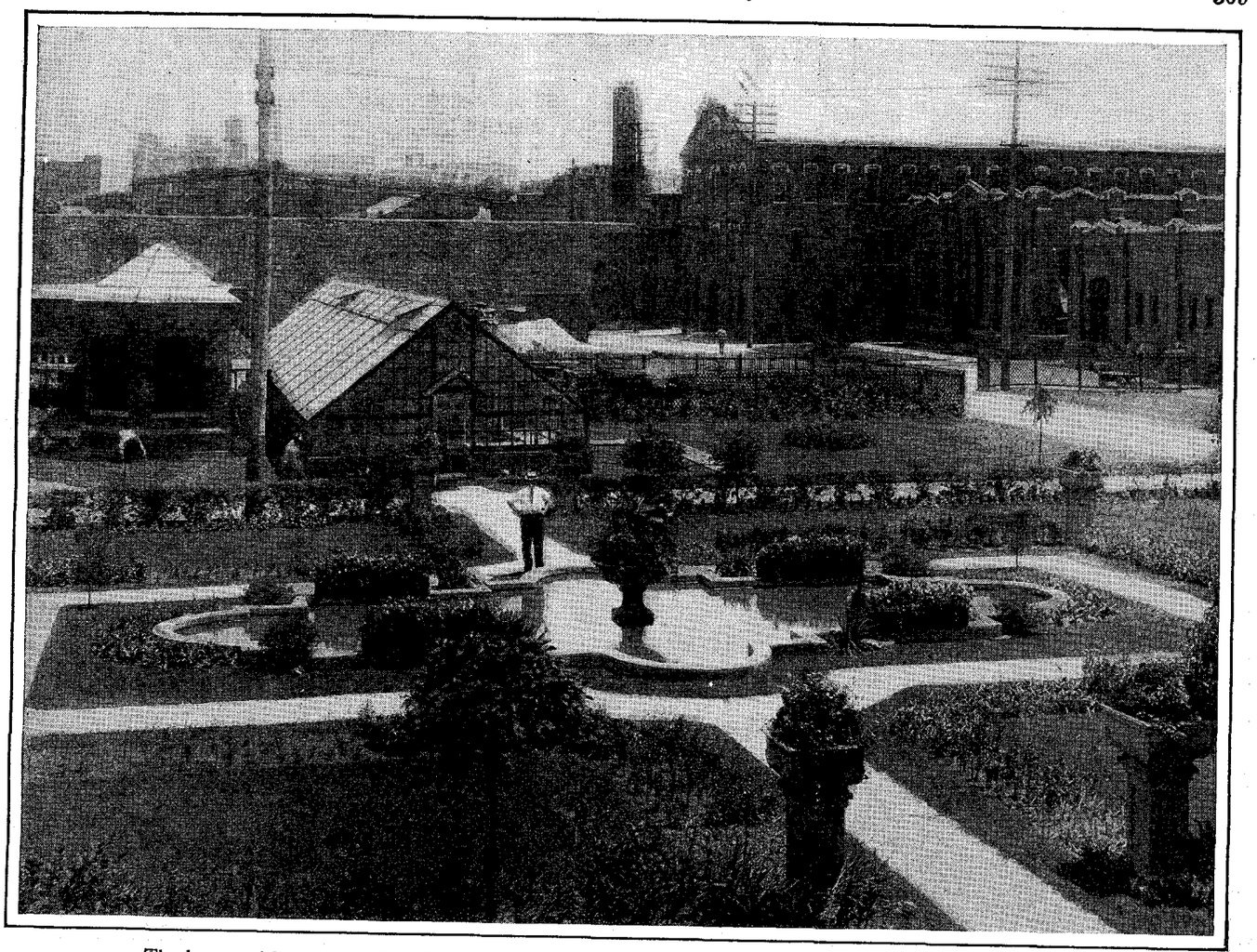

The house with crowbars for window screens where the author of this article has spent the last six years

"Milwaukee Dutch," he can have no pity left for Mr. and Mrs. J. Good Citizen, who have suffered through their acts. Many years of history have proved conclusively that the marvelous effects of the lash are purely imaginary. But the fact has not taught these gore-drinkers anything. Nor would they have had to go to the history of England, Russia, or any other foreign country to learn that there is no logic in the argument that frightful or excessive punishment prevents crime through fear of consequences. We have ample proof right here at home, where such methods have been tried and found wanting.

"Very well, then," it is now your cue to ask, "what are we supposed to do—give criminals medals and let them go?" Of course not. And I'm glad you asked me. But I don't believe the result of that procedure would be any more harmful than some I have heard advocated. Let's see if I can remember them:

A GREAT many of your "gists" (crim*inolo-*, *sociolo-*, and *penolo-*) stoutly affirm that a system of placing high-price tags on criminal acts is the only way to curb crime. "Increase the penalty for law violation," they declare, "and crime will soon be a thing of the past." "Tut, tut!" exclaim the doctors; "that's all rot. Simply remove their adenoids or mischief glands [whatever they are], and they'll go and sin no more." "Objection!" shriek the lawyers—bless their legal hearts!—"That's incompetent, irrelevant, etc. Nothing short of more laws [God help us!] and a rigid enforcement of them will deter the criminals." "Oh, no!" the sob sisters and gush brothers chime in. "That's too brutal. Let's slap them severely on their bare wrists and teach them to spread sweetness and light."

All of them are wrong.

Since when have removed adenoids or snipped tonsils or even clipped hangnails become an obstacle to wrong impulse? Since when has legislation begat morality, or a slap on the wrist, however brutal, rendered a real "tough mug" *hors de combat?* And since when has the misfortune of one person prevented everybody else from making the same stupid mistake? In the words of Plato, those prescriptions are "all wet." But especially moist is the bosh that a heavy penalty will prevent crime through fear of consequences.

IN 1920 the Legislature of this State (Ohio) passed a law authorizing the courts to fix the minimum penalty felons should serve before they could be released on parole. This minimum, however, was not to exceed the maximum penalty already fixed by the General Code. Thus if the trial judge so desired, he could sentence a person convicted of forgery—which calls for imprisonment of not less than one or more than twenty years—to prison for a term of from 19 years 11 months and 29 days to twenty years. Have they been using this authority? Not a day passes but our gates swing open to receive some mother's son with a sentence that would have pushed even Methuselah to serve. The same Assembly also increased the penalty for robbery to the short sojourn of from ten to twenty-five years, thus making it impossible for a convicted robber to secure a parole until he had served ten or more years.

That was six years ago. Now let's see what happened.

When these laws went into effect, the

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Ohio Penitentiary had an average population of approximately 1,600 prisoners. To-day, after six years of tireless efforts on the part of our courts to put fear into the hearts of potential criminals by making horrid example after horrid example of law violators, we have converted space in three of our industrial buildings into dormitories and installed *double-deck* beds. For, in spite of the highly touted efficiency of the long terms, our population has jumped considerably over the *three-thousand* mark —the highest it has ever been in the ninety-two years this prison has been standing. Prevent crime! Well, figure it out for yourself.

No, my friends, punishment never has been nor ever will be a deterrent to crime. What you've really got to do is to lay aside the traditional reverence for the antiquated machinery of the law and the courts and the efficiency of a penal scheme of punishment, and examine the whole archaic system in the light of sensible modern business methods. Sounds like heresy, doesn't it? Nevertheless that is just what you will have to do before you will make your National failure—your prison system—pay dividends.

I haven't what any one would call a legal mind. But it is very apparent to me that, instead of being perfect, the law is as full of holes as an imported Swiss cheese. That is why, perhaps, when dealing with wealthy and influential offenders there are so many miscarriages of justice. What else can you say? You either have to admit that the old claptrap of procedure and rules of evidence and the rest of the ancient mess is simply made to order for the array of legal talent such offenders can and do retain, or acknowledge that those who have sworn to enforce the law and administer justice are all wearing price tags. A rash statement, you may think, but one supported by facts. Stay with me for a paragraph or two more, and I'll try to prove it.

TEN billion dollars a year, the National Surety Company informs us, is the insignificant sum crime costs the American public. Some pin money, that, and I can't help but wonder who gets it. Obviously, the correct answer is "me and my boy friends." If that is true, each one of the "guests" of this bastile should be worth $50,000—his end of the ten billion. Is he? Let's see what the books say.

Our records show that not one of the three thousand odd patients taking the cure at this sanitarium pays income tax; and less than two per cent of the 1,106 married men own taxable property of any kind. They even go further than that. They show beyond all chance for contradiction that at least ninety-three per cent of the prisoners are totally dependent upon their relatives and friends for tobacco, newspapers, tooth paste, and numerous other little articles which help to make the life of a shut-in more livable. So it is very evident that only a small part of that ten billion dollars found its way into our pockets. I'll even go as far as to venture the statement that the entire prison population of the United States, which is estimated at around 200,000, could not, after exempting the big bootleggers, bankers, stock promoters, and embezzlers, produce three million dollars in actual coin of the realm.

In making a statement of this sort I am merely emphasizing the fact that the people who get the ten billion dollars a year are not looking through crow-bar window screens. Laugh that off!

WHERE, then, does it go? Take this case, for instance—mine—one that I know something about. (A little soft music, professor.) Four of us (A, B, C, and D) were arrested and jointly indicted for—let's call it stupidity—getting into the wrong house one moist night by mistake. We were not, however, jointly tried. C's lawyer successfully petitioned for a separate trial; so the State decided to try us all separately, and started the shambles with A. He, like about eighty-five per cent of the men who get convicted, was insolvent at the time, and was compelled to "go to bat" with a couple of penitentiary agents —pardon me, State-appointed lawyers. I think the jury was out all of ten minutes—just long enough to enjoy a smoke. B also was "double-crossed" by the jury, although he had enough money to hire an ordinary attorney. C, however, happened to be better endowed with the root of all evil, and he retained the local Clarence Darrow. With the result that his first trial ended in a disagreement of the jury, and his second in an acquittal. (Where do you suppose the money goes?) D sold his soul to the State's attorney, turned State's evidence, and was never brought to trial, although he had a longer previous criminal record than the others, and was on parole from a penal institution at the time.

When the smoke cleared away, the judge presented A and B with the even sum of the "Book" and "Thirty Volumes." Translated into your language, that means a life sentence, followed by two terms of from one to fifteen years, with accent on the fifteen. I have always, if you will permit me to digress for a moment, been more or less under the impression that "hizzoner" was determined that some one had to do that "mob's" time, and that he secretly cherished the thought that A and B might possibly possess a strictly feline attribute —plural lives. Else why the codicils after the epitaph?

Just a moment with those pencils—we're not quite through. B's money still holding out, his lawyer filed an appeal. With the gratifying result that the Court of Appeals, upon good and sufficient grounds, ordered that the life sentence be set aside as irregular, and that he be confined for an indeterminate term of from two to thirty years—a mere workhouse sentence. Yet the life sentence was not in the least irregular for A, who could not afford to hire an attorney. (What were we talking about? The holes in the Swiss cheese? Oh, no; I remember now—we were wondering where the money goes.)

SUMMED up, it amounts to this: Of the four men implicated in and jointly indicted for this prank, one is serving life and thirty years; another, from two to thirty years; the third was acquitted; the fourth, for services rendered to the State (testifying against all the others), was dismissed from custody with the stern admonition to keep out of that county. Now tell me that Miss Modern Justice does not need a new set of scales, or that she should not at least be permitted to work unhandicapped with a blindfold.

At this point I must pause and give my poisonous vocabulary a much-needed rest. But that is a dangerous thing to do. There are entirely too many opponents of the indeterminate sentence law waiting for a lull in the conversation to reiterate that the various parole boards throughout the country are functioning only for the benefit of murderers and other enemies of society who are seeking to get out of their "pig-iron boudoirs." Speaking as one who knows just what an ordeal "going up against an honest parole board" is, I can truthfully assure you that nothing could be more remote from the truth. But the proof must wait.

Number 49,068 discusses the indeterminate sentence and parole board system in another article, which will be published in an early issue of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

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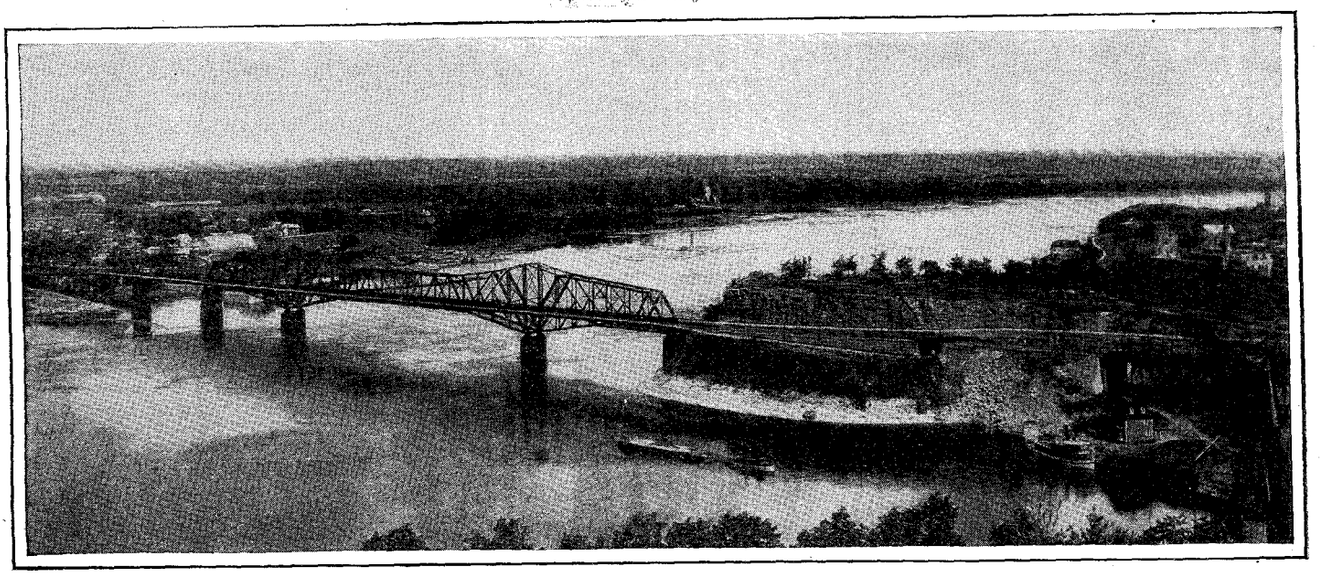

The Alexandra Bridge, linking Ontario with Quebec

Lumber and Laws

Vignettes of Ottawa

By GEORGE MARVIN

YOU come abruptly into Ottawa out of green country. Now you are rolling through Ontario fields and clumps of woods, and now, without transition, you are sliding into a château terminal on the banks of the Loire in Europe. No industrial hoop-skirts, no squalid purlieus, no tin-canyons, no ragged edges of urbanity; an irreducible minimum of railroad yards. Towers and spires and battlements lift suddenly over the trees; with one stride comes the city. Some one has scrubbed it very clean. It shines. The minarets etch themselves into the northern sky and all the values of shadowings are sharp and fair. Soft-bosomed elms save streets from hardness, and masses of evergreen, deep and dark as cypresses in Stamboul, relieve the valiance of buildings and impregnate the air with the odor of forests.

Just as the railroads gain access to the center of Edinburgh with no trace of their arrivals or departures except wisps of white steam rising like mephitic vapors from the green of Princes Street Gardens and trailing away to the grim castle overhead, so the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, the two great agencies of the Dominion Government which have built Canada, come decorously and forbearingly into the heart of the capital and to the threshold of the seat of Government.

LUMBER is the big material industry of the Canadian capital. The mills of the lawmakers up on the hill grind periodically, with frequent prorogations. The mills of the lumber kings down by the river grind all the time. Old man Booth, the king of kings, *ætat* ninety-eight when he died in 1925, made his way every day, rain or blow or snow or shine, with the help of a cane and his chauffeur's arm, down to his throne, where he could hear the rip of his big saws eating through the hearts of Ontario logs and see through his windows the soapy sluicing of the racing Ottawa as it eddied down from the Chaudière Falls that gave him and the city their kilowatts for industry and traction and light.

Each kingdom is imposing in its different, characteristic way. Lumber has a wide demesne on both sides of the Ottawa and its tributary, the Gatineau, and in their confluent streams where rafts of sulky, discouraged tree-trunks float millwards with the current. The kingdom of lumber, however, comprehends two separate provincial districts politically divided though industrially united. Passing through wood-pile palisades along the street named Booth, after the venerable "J. R.," and under his office windows, you cross a brief Union Bridge from the city of Ottawa over into the city of Hull, in the more liberal province of Quebec. For a few weeks more Ottawa must still go across the river whenever it wants an unobstructed drink of something better than "four-point-four." Hull looks it, smells it, feels it. The Governors of New York and New Jersey would be more comfortable there than in the capitals of their native States or the capital of the Dominion. Swinging a big circle back through Hull's old-fashioned streets, you cross again to Ottawa by the much higher spans of the Alexandra Bridge, where the river is wider and your view unobstructed by water-level lumber milling.

Ahead of you loom high the mills of the lawmakers: the Parliamentary Library, green-copper roofs of castellated structures and their grouped towers giving the mass against the sky the Muscovite touch of a more chaste Kremlin. Behind you, beyond the river and its logs, Quebec smiles away eastward miles and miles in the morning light, the clear green smile of the big north country, far east to blue Laurentian Hills. Your point of view is still conservative and comparatively young, Ontarian. Beyond the Laurentians lies French Canada, old and liberal.

IN 1916 the main block of the Parliamentary Buildings burned down, leaving only the Russian-looking Library standing. The rebuilt structure, completed in the late autumn of 1925, much more spacious and imposing than the old, comprises the most distinguishing architectural feature of Ottawa, the Victory Tower. Because of the lay of the Ontario land the pinnacle of the tower is an index of Dominion from very far away, just as phantom-dim spires of cathedrals in the north of England seem unattainable beacons to steer by down infinite vistas of ancient Roman roads.

On the interior facing stone, where the

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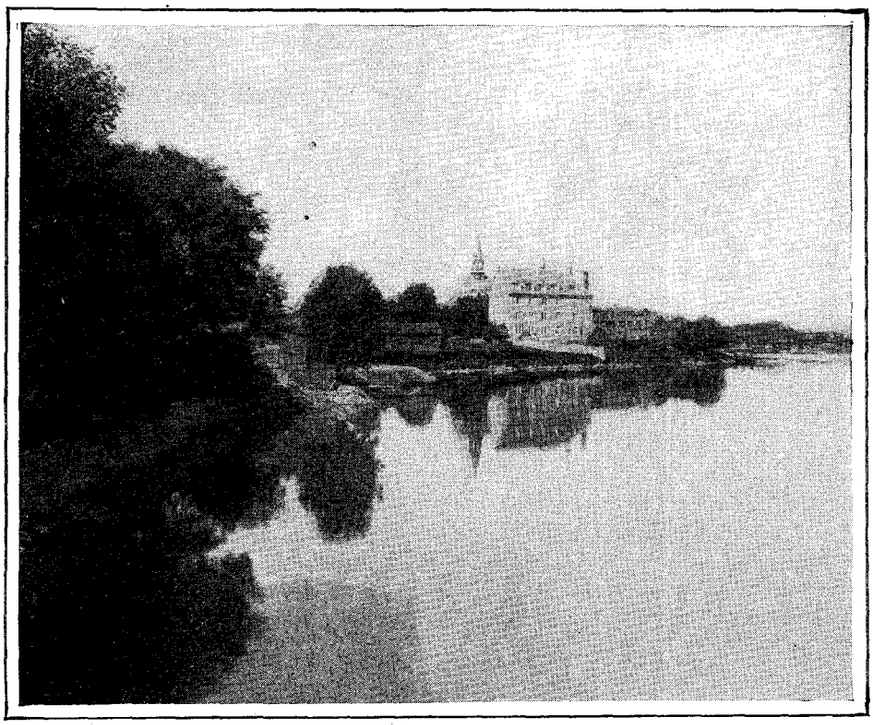


Rideau River near Porter's Island; one of the peaceful glimpses of Ottawa that are reminiscent of an Old World city

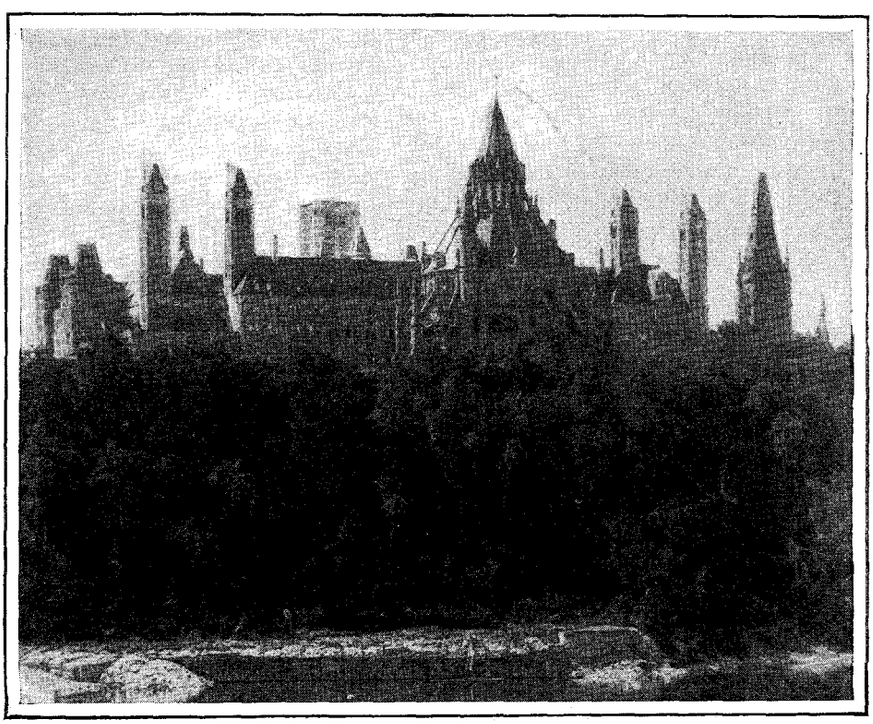
old Library joins the new masonry, are set two brass plates which distinguish the American Dominion of Canada, just as irreconcilable Confederate traditions detach Charleston, South Carolina, from the United States. One reads:

"List of victories won by the British Arms including Canadian Militia and Indians in North America during the war of 1812–15." Below in three columns appears the list of defeats sustained by the armies of the revolting colonies: Oswego, Ogdensburg, Detroit, Fort Niagara, and many others that most native historians of the United States record not. The other plate states with brazen emphasis that "The Royal William, the first vessel to cross the Atlantic by steam power, was wholly constructed in Canada and navigated to England in 1833."

These Gothic Houses of Parliament are as distinct from the domed Capitol at Washington and its replicas in State capitols as architecture can make them.

CANALS give to residential Ottawa a Venetian or Hollandaise effect. Lawns and flower gardens and assembled borders of trees flank the old Rideau Canal above its highest lock. This is the upper reach of an unnamed international highway. The secretary of the Ottawa Board of Trade steps into his motor boat at the foot of his garden plot and in less than a week of leisurely inland waterfaring moors off New York in the Hudson River. Lumber began this settlement in the Canadian wilderness when Philemon Wright arrived in 1800 from Woburn, Massachusetts, cut into the virgin forest, cleared a site for his sawmill on the Chaudière Falls, and floated his logs down the river to Quebec. But Colonel By, who with his British sappers and miners completed the Rideau Canal, originally dug during the War of 1812 to get munitions through unobserved from the Ottawa River to Lake Ontario, gave his name one hundred years ago to the settlement that grew up by the river locks and along the banks of the canal. Until 1854 it was known as Bytown, rechristened Ottawa in that year of its incorporation. The following year Victoria selected it for the capital of her American Dominion, and in 1857 the Canadian Parliament sanctioned the choice. Laws followed lumber by a wide interval.

By the banks of the old Rideau Canal America and Europe, Liberal and Conservative Canada, confront one another. People with nothing else to do in the noonday hang over canal bridges watching lines of barges loaded with sand drop gravely down the seven locked steps from the Rideau level to the Ottawa River clogged with logs. On the terrace of the Château Laurier, that rises mediæval over the canal as a moat, a lady is having her early luncheon in Touraine shaded from the sunshine by a red-and-white marquee, while through the open windows of the Château dining-room come periodically the roars of Ottawa "Lions" at their midday meal in Rotaria. Canadian women aggressively smoke cigarettes—to a woman; Canadian men complacently, steadfastly, smoke brier pipes—to a man. The old Rideau Club, with its southern balconies and grillwork reminiscent of the Vieux Carré in New Orleans, listens unconvinced to the carillon of fifty-three bells in the new Victory Tower across the way. Unself-conscious gentlemen swing canes and walk robustly and without haste across the querulous path of motor vehicles. Over yonder Parliament sits, and no one knows whether Canada is governed Liberally or Conservatively, but all believe that it is governed more wisely and well than the American Republic next door.



The Library of the Parliament Buildings, seen from the river

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A Nation of Wongs

By NIEL GRAHAM

SOMEHOW the cabled reports of uprisings in China failed to rouse me to the heights of passion. It was not until a letter from China told me that a former orderly of mine in the Chinese Labor Battalions of World War days had risen to be a captain of troops that the situation in China seemed suddenly brought home to me.

Forbid that I should carelessly link the consequential and the trivial, or magnify beyond all proportion the importance of my "boy" Wong. Yet the feeling will persist within me that there may be a connection between the recent elevation of a former coolie and the degradation of haughty foreign merchants.

I can't help smiling at the picture of the cringing, weeping Wong of my remembrance risen to be a leader of fighting men; but somehow I can't laugh heartily. What if Wong were one of those dreadful examples we call types? What if his metamorphosis from humble servant to masterful leader were typical of what contact with Western war ways can do to a peace-loving Chinese boy? And what if an accumulation of Wongs had at last come to a realization of their strength, found common cause for action, and had begun the eviction of the foreigner from the Middle Kingdom?

THAT Wong was peace-loving when I first knew him there can be no doubt. He had come to the gates of our compound near Tsingtao one frosty November morning in 1917 along with as motley a crowd as the World War ever gathered. There were flood refugees who had lost all but the rags they wore, runaway boys in search of their first great adventure, priests and paupers, bankrupts and renegades; but mostly the stolid, oxlike coolies to whom the ten dollar cash bonus offered by his Britannic Majesty for service with the Chinese Battalions seemed the happy solution of all financial problems.

When I first saw Wong, he sat moaning in the corner of the barracks. He was only a boy—a homeless boy caught in the meshes of the war's great machine—and the White Man had just stripped him of the last link that had bound him to the land of his fathers, his pigtail. If Westerners are inclined to scoff at the awful sense of goneness which Wong's clipped head gave him, they need but picture the lost feeling of the proud Bostonian whose documents proving descent from Mayflower stock have just been declared spurious. At any rate, Wong wept, and as there seemed no end to his tears and as his example threatened to spread throughout the camp, I thought it best to install him at officers' quarters as my "bat boy." Once installed, he stayed, and through the long training period in China, the dreary overseas journey, and camp days in France I learned to know and to admire him.

And now this Wong, who previous to his mingling with white men settled with all adversaries by twisting pigtails and heaping abuse on long-dead ancestors, has taken a leaf from the White Man's book and fights his battles with powder and shot. And whether it is Wong's work or not I cannot say, but the White Man has started running in more than one part of China.

If Wong were to run true to the form he exhibited when I first knew him, his present military career would almost without doubt be farcical and bloodless and the White Man would soon regain his ascendency. Wong was an average Chinese, physically and mentally appearing to be fine material for a soldier, but lacking the spark that makes a fighter of a man. One of the strangest things of modern history is that Wong's countrymen, with so many soldierly virtues, have failed to make good as soldiers when confronted with Western trained adversaries. Like other white men who have commanded them, I came to believe it to be an impossible task to convert Wong and his compatriots into capable soldiers of the modern school. They lacked so much that is essential to the modern fighting man.

TO begin with, they lacked patriotism, or at least that sense of loyalty to an existing régime or administration that we Westerners define as patriotism.

Wong would have enlisted with the Kaiser's forces if he had been offered more money to do so, and his conscience would not have hurt him a bit. When the British in one of their early campaigns in China found themselves unable to move their guns on the muddy roads from Tientsin to Peking, they found, to their surprise, that they could get all the coolie help they needed at a few cash per day. Imagine an invading European army getting men to move guns for an attack on Washington merely by inserting want ads in Philadelphia papers!

But the action of the Chinese was not so illogical from their point of view. To them the concept of Great China—the Everlasting Middle Kingdom—was entirely separate from the little group of corrupt men then in power in Peking. Centuries of bitter experience had taught the Chinese that mandarins were but leeches on the life of the nation. The Chinese who helped move the foreign guns on Peking could yet remain true to his concept of Great China.

I had a striking example of this trend of Chinese thought when taking Wong and his companions across Canada on their way to France. A false rumor had gone throughout the troop train that we were but a short distance from Halifax, and as a result several platoons of Chinese wished to cook their evening meal in the kitchen car at the same time. A fight started, and by the time that I arrived on the scene meat cleavers and pokers had caused a good deal of blood to flow.

When order had been restored, I delivered a speech that would have made an officer of American troops grit his teeth in disgust. But on Chinese troops it worked. I told them how disappointed I was, after boasting to Western friends through whose country we were passing that my men were Chinese gentlemen and would conduct themselves as such, that here they were disgracing themselves by a brutal brawl. There never was a more humble and penitent crowd of men than after that speech. Wong was not the only one who wept, and they all gave evidence of their true repentance by irreproachable conduct for the rest of the journey. Yet those same men, so jealous of the honor of their country, would have revolted against the then ruling régime in Peking without any but the flimsiest excuse.

But now I read in every letter that comes to me from China that new loyalties are the rule in the Chinese army—that regimental insignia are marks of honor which Wong and his compatriots cherish. It seems that they have learned habits from World War days that do not promise eternal peace to the Middle Kingdom.

WONG and his fellows lacked the sense of team-work.

The hardest lesson of all to teach our Chinese recruits was to line up for "chow," to drill in squads, to function as a machine. The reason it takes two years of drill to teach the same rudi-

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ments of close-order formations to the Oriental recruit that the American boy learns in two months is because every American kindergarten, every corner baseball lot—yes, and Sunday school, too—is in a sense a preliminary military training camp. Respect for the other fellow's rights and clubbing together with him for a common end was almost non-existent in the pre-war China that I knew.

Even in the large cities the merchant almost blocked the street in front of his place of business with his goods and working utensils, while in the country the farmer would cut a ditch across the road without thought to the inconvenience to travel. Still, a few crack native regiments like the one the British organized at Weihaiwei, a hundred and fifty thousand men drilled in the Chinese Labor Battalions, and the countless others who come in contact with Western methods of efficiency in treaty ports can do a lot in ten years to spread the gospel of team-work. And perhaps Wong, ironing away in barracks and mingling his tears with the "dampening water" he squirted from bulging cheeks, was absorbing more of the principles of team-work than I suspected.

WONG and his companions lacked native leadership.

It was hard to get Chinese non-coms. who could and would command their fellows. The will to bully was prevalent, but not the will to lead. This lack of leadership accounts for most of the failure of the Chinaman to make good as a soldier.

Given efficient leadership—as under Chinese Gordon—and the Celestial shows that he can fight. But almost always his leaders have been corrupt and cowardly, the accepted place of the officers far in the rear of their men, and the chief duty of the general staff making plans for an eventual retreat. High officers made a profitable business of war. They would march into a province, announce that they commanded a hundred thousand men or so, draw rations for as near this number as they could manage, and sell the excess—for the actual number of troops under their command was usually about a tenth of the announced number. This practice, I am informed, is by no means dead, and readers of war news from China may draw their own conclusions upon hearing of the stupendous forces engaged.

Yet the chief difference between the modern war lords of China and those of the Empire seems to be this: that those were corrupt and weak, while these are corrupt and able, and Westerners may judge for themselves which of the two could make of Wong and his compatriots the greater power.

WONG and his compatriots lacked the martial background that urges a Western boy to the career of arms.

The Chinese boys I knew had no tin soldiers for playthings. They never were regaled with tales of heroes such as Mad Anthony Wayne, or Daniel Boone, or Grant, or Pershing. Their heroes were scholars, the examples of perfection held up for their admiration the Four-and-Twenty Paragons.

These Paragons would prove too insipid for even the most insipid American boy. One of them, for example, was an old man of seventy-some years whose parents, rightfully enough, were old enough to have entered their dotage. The great desire of their old age was to have a child born to them, and so their son—the old Paragon—would dress himself in swaddling clothes and roll and coo upon the floor in a filial but ludicrous effort to make them believe that their prayers for a child had been answered. Another Paragon was a little boy whose parents were too poor to buy carp in the winter season. This young Paragon would go to the frozen river in the dead of winter, lie upon the ice until the heat of his body had melted a hole in it, and then catch the carp that came to the surface to feed upon his tender body.

Is it any wonder that with such a background the Chinese boy of the past grew up abhorring the practices of war? But nowadays Wong has the advantage. The boys from whom he can recruit his forces have heard more than rumors of a Great War. They have saved their copper cash to see specimens of the early American school of motion pictures where two-gun men and Indian killers are glorified. They have probably seen with their own eyes big guns mounted on foreign war-ships instead of the painted rings on Chinese city walls which once held off a too-imaginative foe.

VIEWED casually, the civil conflicts that have been raging in China for the past few years are not serious, and even the present outbreaks might be expected to run the usual course of Chinese uprisings. The Western man reading the cabled reports is apt to laugh uproariously at the antics of the Chinese when he tries to mimic his Western brother in the art of war. There are still plenty of tales of battles "called on account of rain," of campaigns decided by intrigue or bribery, of fields won by mere noise or empty gesture. Yet there are also tales of massed attacks, of well-ordered machine-gun fire and heroic sacrifice for a piece of bunting.

Tales of the latter kind are not yet frequent enough to attract attention and they are not yet typical. China to-day is very nearly akin to mediæval Europe when ambitious barons fought among themselves for the spoils of rich provinces. As in all nations where protection of property is uncertain in the country districts, capital has flowed steadily towards the great cities, especially towards those cities which have been covered by foreign gunboats. The "wars" of which we read are usually the struggles of ambitious lords to control the lucrative traffic to and from such cities. Ordinarily they fight with mercenary armies and with no high principle at stake. But increasingly there are exceptions, and the present uprisings have made a British Government talk of abolishing that sacred institution of the White Man—extra-territoriality.

Old China was a bully of smaller nations, and when she in turn had to submit to bullying at the hands of her erstwhile victims it was but natural that she received but scant sympathy from the rest of the world. But the recent bullying of China seems to be producing the logical result. She has always been essentially peace-loving, but contact with Western methods are bound to have their effect. At one time I believed that only a great leader who could appeal to the heart of the Middle Kingdom could weld her people into a great force. But it may be that a new type of leader—Wong's type, versed in the machine-like ways of the West and narrow political appeals—has taught her sons to fight for less worthy causes.

THAT China, once united, could shake off the yoke of Western domination few will deny. Behind the red dots on the map that mark the foreign concessions, beneath the thin veneer of Western manners that coats her business and diplomatic life, there lies enough potential energy to shake the world. Her Westernization will almost surely follow the same course as modernization did in Japan. The Land of the Mikado, with its lesson learned, now closes its doors upon the West, as any one who has seen the dwindling number of foreign advisers in the Government, of foreign property in cities, and foreign concessions in industry, can testify. Whether China can shut the door as gracefully as Japan or whether hot-blooded patriots

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and bullying foreigners will cause blood to flow is the secret the future holds.

At all events, Wong is as he is to-day. The one-time coolie is a soldier. His greasy pigtail, creaking wheelbarrow, and reverence for white men—all have been discarded. And we Westerners have made him what he is. Pray Heaven we have not done wrongly, for it takes no rabid Chinophobe to sense the danger of innumerable Wongs who have had forced upon them a love of uniforms and long-range guns and all the bloodshed that invariably follows.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Fiction

THE GHOST BOOK. Edited by Cynthia Asquith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Do you believe in ghosts? Here is a fine collection of stories, some or all of which will make the hardiest flesh creep and the most inert hair rise. The choice in ghosts is wide, ranging from the horror of the murderous return of Mr. James Hagberd in "A Visitor from Down Under" and the gruesome pre-nuptials at "The Villa Désirée," by May Sinclair, to the half-humorous activities of "The Amorous Ghost," by Enid Bagnold, and the wistful old low-grade ghost of a Scottish engineer in "Two Trifles," by Oliver Onions. The last comments on the annoyance caused lately by radio-telegraph to specters, who, while going peacefully about their business of haunting, suddenly find great rents torn through the ether and their essences shattered into fragments by a radio-telegraphic blast.

A rare flavor of ghostliness pervades Arthur Machen's artistically perfect little story "Munitions of War." A horrible fetid odor which accompanies the evil visitor in "Mrs. Lunt," by Hugh Walpole, is one successful means of inducing the supernatural into the reader's consciousness; the simple creation of an atmosphere in "A Recluse," by Walter de la Mare, is another. Both of these stories are charnel-houses of the imagination. Like Macbeth's dagger, these stories are "of the mind, a false creation;" nevertheless, if read in a silent house about midnight, when the line between true and false narrows, they are guaranteed to make the boldest stop, look, and listen before opening the door to let the cat out, lest some evil thing slip in with the wind.

DEEP ENOUGH. By Malcolm Ross. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

Hold-ups, bad men, pistol shots, all the bad-town excitements of the Far West, exist to-day, as Mr. Ross shows us, in the oil and mining camps of the Southwest. Jerry is an Eastern young fellow with a thousand dollars in his pockets. A fake robbery gets his money the first day. He has to work as a laborer on the railway and the mines, and the moral seems to be that the man of effete Eastern culture can out-mucker the native mucker if he tries. Plenty of action but not much edification in the tale.

THE BIG SHOW. By McCready Huston. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

This is something far bigger and stronger than a circus story, which its title might suggest. Branch Diversey, in his boyhood, might have followed his step-father (whose name he took) into that life, but the old circus man saw that the boy was capable of better things, educated him, made him a fledgling lawyer, and turned him loose. Branch followed the easy path by marrying the daughter of a powerful Pennsylvania puller of political and financial strings; but after he had seen profiteers ruin banks and judges put under influence to go easy on rich criminals, and rich men's sons and daughters devoid of patriotism and morals, he cut loose, enlisted for the war, found the right kind of woman, and became an honest poor man. The theme is not presented by argument or "improving" didacticism, but by vivid picturing of facts. It has both force and quality.

THE GOLDEN CENTIPEDE. By Louise Gerard. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

If the author had restrained her riotous invention, lush language, and lurid plot, she might have written a good story of adventure. As it is, this tale of mystery and barbarism in Africa, based on a weird experience some three hundred years ago, which has been passed on to descendants in our day, has too much of mysticism, too many centipedes actual and artificial, too near an approach to human sacrifice, and too much of a strain on credulity as regards the interchange of identity between the twins, bad Claude and lovely Marjorie.

PA: THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. By Margaret Ashmun. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

The theme here might easily have been treated in a short story, but the author has followed it out into byways of petty domestic scheming. "Pa" is shuffled about from one relative's house to another, not from motives of affection, but with an eye to the future ownership of his little property. He is really Grandpa, and his daughter Mattie, soured by being jilted ("Pa" put the young man up to it—"Pa" knew Mattie), is crazy to be married to any one; her father bribes a Scandinavian farm worker to marry her for cash and a lot of land for which they inveigle "Pa" to sign a deed. It is all sordid, but it does show up human meanness strikingly.

THE MOULS HOUSE MYSTERY. By Charles Barry. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

A tale somewhat above the average of its kind in plot and mystery, and more so in its clear, direct, and agreeable style of narrative. The setting is in a picturesque village on the Cornish coast.

WINTERWISE. By Zephine Humphrey. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

"Christopher and I have lately been reading that remarkable book Ouspensky's 'Tertium Organum,'" says Zephine Humphrey on the first page of "Winterwise." "It has illuminated our minds and given us a great deal to think about. For the first time we have had a glimmering of an idea of the possible nature of the fourth dimension." That sinking feeling, as of shooting too high in an intellectual elevator, which such a beginning is likely to evoke in the reader of modest and moderate intelligence, who probably never heard of Ouspensky and shies uncomfortably at the mere notion of a fourth dimension, will abate rapidly if he perseveres but a little further. Philosophy and serious reflection have due place in this journal of Vermont winter

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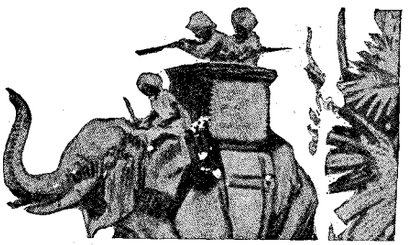

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days; but they prove to be of a quite comprehensible kind, and emanate from an honestly inquiring mind, of conservative ideals, yet without intolerance of unaccepted modernities. Its lighter side, especially the biographies of the author's consecutive and highly individual cats, afford especially agreeable reading.

THE MINIATURE. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is an author whose work falls naturally into three divisions, but not the usual Early, Middle, and Later Periods. They might, perhaps, be called Solid Devon, Ingenious Mystery, and Fanciful Greek; and they are so widely different that an admirer of any one of them might easily find the others not at all to his taste. We must admit that hitherto our own appreciation of the third variety has been no more than tepid. But "The Miniature" is an amusing satire—Greek, but not of Hellas; it concerns Olympus and the whole world—the wide, wide world as Man conceives it; the miniature toy, the experimental plaything, as it appears to the gods. "Only yesterday," reports Ares eagerly of our ancestral simian, "I saw one of the creatures beat his mate. That is nothing; but the significant thing was he took a stick to do it with! Here is a momentous happening, for when a living thing has learned to beat his wife with a stick, we may confidently affirm that Man is in sight." Thence, in 125 brief pages, the story of humanity is carried forward through the ages to the moment when the great German scientist, Herr Professor Stringer, successfully, finally, and conclusively splits the atom. The gods, in discussing the entertaining little earthly experiment of Father Zeus, often talk quite delightfully in character, but at other times their discourse, especially that of the Thunderer himself, is more Voltairean than Olympian.

SONG OF LIFE. By Fannie Hurst. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

Before reviewing this group of short stories one finds it necessary to pause and pick over one's stock of adjectives with some care; and the more one picks and pokes, the more those two old time-worn standbys "vital" and "gripping" work up to the top of the heap and fit so exactly that if they were less familiar one would pounce upon them with exultation. Here are indeed nine vital and gripping stories, from which two rise pre-eminent—"Madagascar Ho" and "The Gold in Fish." Especially vivid are the Goldfish family, whom the successful and aspiring Morris Goldfish desires to transform into the Fish family because there are Stuyvesant Fishes and Hamilton Fishes and other choice breeds of Fish, and a Fish that wasn't conspicuously Gold might be supposed to belong to any one of them. Only one Goldfish rebels, and that is Birdie. Birdie Goldfish is a heroine to whom any reader ought to be proud to be introduced. She is big, awkward, tasteless, unbeautiful, common in her manners, but one could forgive her much more than that for the sake of the scene in which, summoning with heart-broken gallantry one comic reminiscence after another of their old days of happy poverty, she cheers and consoles the old father, homesick amid alien elegances, until he slips comforted and laughing across the threshold of another and a better world—a world where possibly not all Fish are angelically present as flying Fish, and Goldfish such as she sport golden halos.

THE EYE OF LUCIFER. By Frederic F. Van de Water. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

This is a rattling good story. The mystery centers around that all-too familiar stage property, a magnificent Oriental jewel with a curse upon it; in this case it has also, like a rapidly increasing cabinetful of fictional gems, belonged to the unhappy Imperial family of Russia. But the likeness to the usual thing ends there. There is, for one thing, no detective in the book, amateur or professional. The rookie hero and his friend the sergeant are both New York State troopers, fine fellows of a likable and credible sort. All the characters stand out clearly—even the nice heroine is not colorless—and there is often a pleasant, unforced humor in their portrayal. Mr. Van de Water has the advantage of ample first-hand knowledge of the State troopers, and his picture of their life and methods possesses verity as well as spirit.

History

THE WORLD CRISIS, 1916–1918. By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $10.

These are the concluding volumes of Mr. Churchill's remarkable history of the Great War. Chapters on Verdun, the Battle of Jutland, the entrance of America into the war, and of the final days, with the collapse of the German power, are written by an observer who was also a statesman possessed of a genuine literary style. The books will receive further comment either in this or another part of The Outlook.

THE RHINELAND OCCUPATION. By Henry T. Allen, Major-General, U. S. A. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $5.

It might almost seem that General Allen's main object in writing this book was to give full expression to an almost unqualified disapproval of French policy and methods with respect to the occupation of German territory. Doubtless the General had no such purpose; but there's not a great deal of importance in the volume outside the criticism of the French. The General seems temperamentally unsympathetic with the French. No doubt some of his strictures are just, but there was much to admire in the French conduct under his observation, and to this he must have been blind; else, being a fair man, he would have made some reference thereto by way of offsetting the strictures. The narrative lacks color, pictorial quality, and grace of style. Let us call it an able report, the value whereof is to be discounted upon a consideration of the temperamental defect noted.

Biography

REVERIES OVER CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH AND THE TREMBLING OF THE VEIL. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

"The Trembling of the Veil" is well named. It is doubtful if for any other poet than William Butler Yeats the veil of the temple would sway in the same remarkable manner, "the evidence of things not seen" projecting itself so calmly upon things seen. The first part, "Reveries," is devoted to recollections of childhood and early boyhood, and of them he says "he has consulted neither friend, nor letter, nor old newspaper." The Irish fishing village of Sligo formed the colorful nucleus of those early days. As he tells the story of his youth, he does it in an old-fashioned and dispassionate way, rendering to every man his due, seemingly untroubled alike by good and evil. Passions he undoubtedly possessed, but they appear to have been submerged. Of the Yeats family he says: "We have ideas and no passions, but by marriage with a Pollexfen we have given a tongue to the sea cliffs." Much of the "Reveries" is given to Memory Harbor, to ships and the sea and his extraordinary old grandfather. And what more wonderful than the sea! "I have walked on Sinbad's yellow shore and never shall another hit my fancy."

In "Four Years" his discipleship with Henley began: "I disagreed with him about everything but I admired him beyond words." Oscar Wilde, too, enters the ring, and William Morris with his pictorial life

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and art, but the notable master of the group was Henley. With Ernest Rhys he founded the "Rhymers Club," "meeting in an ancient eating-house called the Cheshire Cheese," numbering among its members Lionel Johnson and Richard Le Gallienne. Yeats's growing interest in the Theosophists led him to seek out Madame Blavatsky, "a sort of old Irish peasant woman with an air of humor and audacious power." But, towering above Madame Blavatsky, rose the figure of Macgregor Mathers, author of the "Kabbala Unveiled." Through the symbolic system of this strange man, "the visible world would completely vanish, and that world, summoned by the symbol, take its place." We feel the veil of that invisible world settling every minute more firmly on Yeats's shoulders. The next chapter contains the founding of the "Irish Literary Society," friendship with John O'Leary, head of the Fenian Brotherhood, and the doings of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, rival of the Society. George Russell (Æ.) is described with tenderness. "He was always surrounded with a little group of infirm or unlucky persons, whom he explained to themselves and to others, turning cat to griffin, goose to swan."

In "Hodos Chameliontos" is some of the most exquisite writing in the book, mainly on the subject of visions. "I had not taken up these subjects willfully, nor through love of strangeness, nor love of excitement, nor because I found myself in some experimental circle, but because unaccountable things had happened in my childhood, and because of an ungovernable craving." Here, too, Yeats gives that incomparable definition of genius: "I know now that revelation is from the self, but from that age-long memoried self, that shapes the elaborate shell of the mollusc; that genius is a crisis that joins the buried self for certain moments to our trivial daily mind."

It is on that high note of mystical beauty that the interesting part of the reminiscence draws to a close. The last two chapters move one far less. This one is the very embodiment of the Celtic spirit—"such vision as is old enough to have been sung by men half asleep or riding upon a journey." Yeats and Lady Gregory are notably among those who revived that sleeping spirit, and Yeats moves gently and wistfully throughout the whole book.

SAMUEL BUTLER AND HIS FAMILY RELATIONS. By Mrs. R. S. Garnett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.75.

More about the author of "The Way of All Flesh," presenting the family's side of the controversy between the author and his kinsfolk.

THE GREAT GOOD MAN. By W. E. Barton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

This one-volume life of Lincoln is written for boys, and so Dr. Barton rightly puts to the front the picturesque incidents in Lincoln's career, and especially in the pioneer days of his boyhood. The political and war-time periods are described, however, in good proportion, and always clearly. Dr. Barton's standing as the most thorough examiner of every detail in the Lincoln literature and his own contributions thereto assure the authenticity of this excellent biography.

A REPORTER FOR LINCOLN. By Ida M. Tarbell. The Macmillan Company, New York. 60c.

A true story, and one that brings out Lincoln's homely kindliness and instinctive recognition of truth and courage. Henry Wing was a young "Tribune" reporter at the front. Just after Grant had crossed the Rapidan in 1864 his army was "lost"—that is, days passed without reports. Wing got the first news through, refused to talk and spoil his "Tribune" beat, and just escaped being hanged by Stanton. Lincoln heard of him, saved his life, got him to Washington, and talked the boy into friendly confidence. "There will be no turning back," Grant had told Wing. From that time the President and the boy were friends and Wing was a devoted and trusted reporter to Lincoln of conditions of the army's morale. The story was told at the time, but will be new to most readers. Miss Tarbell knew Wing. The narrative is dramatic.

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Criminology

THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD. By George Dilnot. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

History of police and detective work in London from the days of the old "Bow Street Runners" down to the modern scientific organization of the Criminal Investigation Department. Historically thorough, although not extraordinarily readable. It is 340 pages in length.

Poems

THE SECOND CONNING TOWER BOOK. Edited by Franklin P. Adams. Macy-Masius, New York. $2.

Verses published in 1926—and earlier—in F. P. A.'s column in the New York "World." Contributions by Clement Wood, Dorothy Parker, Maxwell Anderson, Witter Bynner, W. R. Benét, Elinor Wylie, Christopher Morley, and others. The dedication is worthy of notice.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY. A Collection of Verse. Selected by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

A book of poems—chiefly modern—for the young, and the young in heart. There are many anthologies, but one so good as this is never one too many. This has many odd and unusual selections, which alone would make it a desirable book.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VERSE. Chosen by David Nichol Smith. The Oxford University Press, New York. $3.75.

English poetry during the century in which it turned from satire to romance.

Religion

TWELVE MODERN APOSTLES AND THEIR CREEDS. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.50.

These frank appreciations of various Christian communions are given each by a man who believes in his doctrine. In introducing the series Dean Inge (why do the title-page and Foreword call him the Rt. Rev.?) wisely prophesies as to Christianity's future. Roman Catholicism has the rosier material outlook. An alliance between it and the Soviet is not impossible, thinks the Dean, with the latter compromising its Communism into Socialism. From Protestantism will come most surely that inner, spiritual religion which is Christianity's essence. But neither branch will conquer the world too soon, nor too completely. "It is a very hard thing to be a Christian!" The papers by members of the various churches are written in sympathy toward the contributions made by rivals, but in conviction of the worthwhileness of their own communions. G. K. Chesterton's is the best we have seen of his many presentations of the claims of Roman Catholicism. Carl Van Doren makes admissions that raise him rather above the "Unbeliever" he styles himself. There is a paper on "Mormonism" by Senator Reed Smoot. The other contributors are Bishop Slattery, Episcopalian; Henry Sloane Coffin, Presbyterian; Nathan Söderblum, Lutheran; Edgar Young Mullins, Baptist; Rufus Jones, Quaker; Frank Mason North, Methodist; Dr. Jefferson, Congregationalist; Dr. Crothers, Unitarian.

Sociology

SOCIAL DIFFERENTIATION. By Cecil Clare North, Professor of Sociology in Ohio State University. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C. $2.50.

Social differences classified by rank, culture, age, and sex. The study of the privileged classes, of democracy, and of various types of differentiation. A scholarly work which is also readable.

Humor

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT. By Will Rogers. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Lately it is the fashion to complain that Will Rogers is not as funny in print as in the Follies. It has been pointed out more than once that his short, jerky sentences are awkward and even annoying when we cannot see the spinning rope that whipped them into rhythm. This has all been said, and it is true, but at that there are few of us who can't tell a funnier story than they can write, and there are a good many pages here to wrench an involuntary giggle from a reader.

The subject of all this, as those who have seen the "Saturday Evening Post" will remember, is Will Rogers's recent trip to Europe, and his observations on that well-known continent. He visited both

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houses of Parliament, the young man in St. James's Palace, an Art Gallery, Mussolini, and the British General Strike, and through all the staccato paragraphs runs Will Rogers's vital interest in American politics and everything that pertains to it. That remarkable Democratic Convention, the one that spent the best part of the summer in New York not so long ago, gave, in the course of its animadversions, two and a half votes to Will Rogers for President—about the most sensible thing it did. If this man, with his enthusiasm for politics, his eminent common sense, and his keen wit, must put aside his lariat (which Heaven forfend!), somebody should send him to the Senate. There are far too many after-dinner speakers already. Probably it would be a dangerous precedent, for Will Rogers has been from birth a member of the Cherokee Nation. It might be interesting for Congress to contain a real one hundred per cent American.

Plays

THE DRUMS OF OUDE, AND OTHER ONE ACT PLAYS. By Austin Strong. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Contains that excellent little play formerly given by Francis Wilson, "The Little Father of the Wilderness," which, we think, is one of the best one-act plays we have seen on the stage.

Politics and Government

MAN AND THE STATE. By William Ernest Hocking. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $4.

This is a big book and a meaty one. It is an attempt to define the nature of the state and its relation to the individuals. Politics is concerned with the hard facts of human interest and passion and is (or ought to be) the most practical of the arts. For its right functioning it needs a science of human nature, which is psychology; a science of right, which is ethics; and a view or theory of man's place in the world, which is metaphysics. What it now possesses under these categories is unsatisfactory, and it is the author's purpose to provide something better. The need of an ethics and of a psychology of the state is obvious enough; and when one reflects upon the swift mortality that attends most of the psychologies that are put forth one can applaud the author's wish for one which "remembers those truths about human nature which stay true when they are published!" A good many persons, however, will regard the lugging in of metaphysics as an unnecessary intrusion. The author is a statist, who can yet dismiss statolatry as a thing "having no shred of sense." His treatment of pluralism, that socio-political fad about which so much has been written this last decade, is penetrating and cogent. There is no aspect of the state that is not dealt with thoughtfully and learnedly. The book reveals, however, a most regrettable looseness of structure; the various parts, excellent in themselves, are not bound together; there is no stopping, from time to time, to sum up, before proceeding to the next theme, and there is no conclusion.

MY OWN STORY. By Fremont Older, Editor of the San Francisco Call. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Older now feels free, he observes, to reveal the "inside" story of the sensational events in San Francisco before the earthquake and fire that seem to have been needed to reform the city, and which brought himself, William J. Burns, and Francis J. Heney so conspicuously into the limelight. That all ended in the conviction, but not imprisonment, of Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz and the sending of Abraham Ruef to San Quentin long ago became ancient, if not forgotten, history. Mr. Older does not revive it invitingly. It is a depressing story that he tells, without background and with a good deal of uncertainty as to the strict morality of his own part in the performance. That "respectable" San Francisco stood behind the evil-doers is made all too plain. From a newspaper standpoint the revelations are not refreshing. William Allen White provides a fervid foreword.

FACING EUROPE. By Frederick Bausman. The Century Company, New York. $3.

An incisive reply to those here and abroad who are urging cancellation of the debts to the United States incurred by the Allies during and after the World War. "Facing Europe" is a rapid and forceful presentation of the attitude lately assumed by men of note in England and France toward this country, together with something like a prophecy of things to come. Judge Bausman has followed up his vigorous "Let France Explain" with a treatise in which the methods of British propaganda in this country during the war, the tortuous policy and secret treaties of European governments, and the division of spoils at Versailles are set in strong contrast with the generosity of American help in munitions, men, and funds, in liberal reductions of debts and famine relief; the charge of ingratitude is boldly made. Incidentally, we have sketches of Woodrow Wilson, Bryan, Sir Edward Grey, E. M. House, Walter Hines Page, and others as they affected or were influenced by events. He charges Russia, not Germany, with starting the war with the financial aid and advice of France, and accuses England of refusing German peace offers in order to crush a commercial rival and seize her colonies.

It will rouse controversy here and abroad. Certainly it is not likely to pour oil on the troubled waters between the nations to declare that the envy and jealousy of the Great Powers are likely to cause repudiation of debts, and that rivalry on the seas leads to war. Owing to his apparently Teutonic name, the author informs us his mother was born in England and on the paternal side his family is an American one of old standing.

PARTY CAMPAIGN FUNDS. By James K. Pollock, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.

Mr. Pollock (perhaps the title should be Doctor or Professor, since he is a fellow of the Department of Political Science of the University of Michigan) has done a highly valuable bit of work. He has patiently collected—much of it from original sources—all the available material on the subject of political campaign expenditures and has so arranged and interpreted it as to provide us with a clear understanding of this vital problem. The growth of expenditures he regards as inevitable and not in itself an evil. The matters that ought most to concern us are the sources of the funds and the purposes for which they are expended. Thirty-three States have in some manner dealt with the problem; twenty-eight of these prohibit expenditures for other than specific purposes, eleven require the filing of expense accounts both before and after election, while twenty-two require only a post-election filing. These State laws are regarded as in some degree helpful, though many are so drawn as to foster perjury and all are frequently and blatantly violated. Congress has six times, beginning in 1883, passed laws relating to campaign funds, and in 1925 it consolidated these laws, with certain changes, into a single act. The Supreme Court, in a five-by-four decision of May 2, 1921, had taken most of the "bite" out of the law of 1910–11 by invalidating the provisions relating to primaries. To the author it seems that nothing much for the better is to be expected until a general law is passed that covers all manner of elections, that compels the filing of truthful itemized accounts and that pro-

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vides for proper publicity of the accounts when filed.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By John H. Latané, Professor of American History in the Johns Hopkins University. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $4.

Intended primarily as a text-book for college courses in American diplomacy or American foreign relations, the volume admirably answers the intention. Scholarly, exact, fully documented, it is nevertheless charmingly written. Professor Latané is to be congratulated upon his successful challenge to an arid tradition in the treatment of his subject-matter.

Travel

RIVER THAMES. By F. V. Morley. Illustrated in Color and with Maps by Laurence Irving. Harper & Brothers, New York. $6.

A voyage down the Thames in a small boat. The history, topography, scenery, and legend of the greatest of little rivers.

MORE PORTS, MORE HAPPY PLACES. By Cornelia Stratton Parker. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.50.

More ports, more happy places, more fun! And we read on and on of the author's happy, happy days in Rome, Paris, Brittany, Vienna, Switzerland, and intermediate stations, while a dull and growing pain sets in at the pit of the old abdomen. And yet the writer, it is ascertained, is no relation of Gene Stratton Porter—just a member of the same ilk.

It would be a mean, cross old thing who would not thrill to her travels about Europe, envy her her three admirable children and the photographs of them, and revel in their youthful utterances (beginning for the most part, "Aw, gee, ma"—like a Japanese hymn). Yes, indeed, it would be a cross and crabbed person who wouldn't like that. The pleasure can be yours for a trifle over three dollars.

ANCIENT CITIES AND MODERN TRIBES: Explorations and Adventure in Maya Lands. By Thomas Gann. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

Primarily published in England, this book by Dr. Gann has an intense American interest. He has delved deeply into the mysteries of the Maya cities in Yucatan, where John L. Stephens and Frederick Catherwood made their great discoveries in the late thirties and early forties. That he has added to their discoveries cannot be proclaimed, but he has rediscovered much and is persisting in a penetration that may yet reveal the secrets of the extraordinary people who left ruins on our continent comparable with those found in the valley of the Nile.

THE VALLEY OF THE ARNO. By Edward Hutton. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

A very leisurely patrol of that part of Italy through which flows the Arno, with descriptions of landscapes and the geography of the country, talk about Arezzo, Bibbiena, Vallombrosa, Florence, and Pisa, with not a little history thrown in for good weight. Mr. Hutton appears to be jogging along in a vettura of the old-fashioned kind when he is not marching afoot. There is no question that he relishes the excursions; he is an old hand at the sport and many are the books of travel he has spun, not to speak of histories, biographies, and criticisms. The volume is one to take along on an ocean trip; for it may be put down and taken up again with nap between; it just purrs steadily on like the Arno under Ponte Vecchio, all in a repetitious, pleasant style, with nothing much to jar the soothing susurrus. Old churches with their frescoes and paintings by great masters occupy as much of his interest as landscapes. The illustrations are singularly suited to the text. They consist of thirty old prints belonging to the author which are continental but hark back to the eighteenth century and have a somewhat strained connection with the present appearance of the towns and townscapes and landscapes in question. The text with the quotations from Dante and these demure, formal, old-timy illustrations combine to a surprise that in this age of smart writing such colorless disquisitions should find a market.

Books Received

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF INVENTION. By A. Frederick Collins. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

STATES RIGHTS. Compiled by Lamar T. Beman. The H. W. Wilson Company, New York. $2.40.

TIME EXPOSURES. By Search-Light. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

JESUS AND HIS BIBLE. By George Holley Gilbert. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

LAND PLANNING IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CITY, STATE AND NATION. By Harlean James. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

POINTS OF VIEW FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS. By Paul Kaufman. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

NEW SCHOOLS IN THE OLD WORLD. By Carleton Washburne. The John Day Company, New York. $1.75.

THE LITTLE ROOM. By Guy Pocock. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

THE ANATOMY OF SCIENCE. By Gilbert Newton Lewis. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $3.

EMILE BERLINER, MAKER OF THE MICROPHONE. By Frederic William Wile. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $4.

EIGHT WAYS OF LOOKING AT CHRISTIANITY. By Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

SHEN OF THE SEA. By Arthur Bowie Chrisman. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

THE MAGIC FLUTE. By Sara Cone Bryant. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

ASIA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Alexander Frederick White. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS. By Alan Sullivan. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

THE PULSE OF PROGRESS. By Ellsworth Huntington. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

HYGIEIA; OR, DISEASE AND EVOLUTION. By Burton Peter Thom. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

SONGS OF ADVENTURE. An Anthology. By Robert Frothingham. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

A GUIDEBOOK IN ENGLISH. By Helen E. Sandison and M. L. Lowery. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE ADVENTURE OF MAN. By F. C. Happold. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

ELEMENTS OF ECONOMICS. By Charles Ralph Fay. The Macmillan Company, New York.

FLORIDA WILD FLOWERS. By Mary Francis Baker. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

STYLE-BOOK FOR WRITERS AND EDITORS. By C. O. Sylvester Mawson. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.50.

THROUGH TEAKWOOD WINDOWS. By Ethel Cody Higginbottom. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE RECENT PAST. By Ralph Barton Perry. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

THE DANISH SOUND DUES AND THE COMMAND OF THE BALTIC. By Charles E. Hill. The Duke University Press, Durham, N. C. $5.

MAYBE TRUE STORIES. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

A WAYFARER IN SWITZERLAND. By James F. Muirhead. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

BEST SERMONS, 1926. Edited by Joseph Fort Newton. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

THE SELF-SEEKER AND HIS SEARCH. By I. C. Isbyam. The C. W. Daniel Company, London. 5s.

AN INTERPRETATION OF RECENT AMERICAN HISTORY. By James C. Malin. The Century Company, New York. $1.25.

THE EINSTEIN DELUSION, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By L. A. Redman. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE IN THE WORLD WAR. Published by the President and Trustees of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

SATURDAY NIGHT. By Jacinto Benavente. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

BENCH AND BAR. By William Durran. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London. 6s.

GREAT SOUTHERN PREACHING. By Various Writers. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

WISDOM OF THE WOODS. By Dan Beard. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.50.

LITTLE MARY MIXUP IN FAIRYLAND. By R. M. Brinkerhoff. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Facts, Figures, and Judgments

IF a person could ascertain all the existing facts about, for example, a corporation, and could, in addition, have at his command knowledge of all future facts for a period of three or four years, the elements of chance and risk would be eliminated from investing. As things are, however, such an assemblage of data is impossible. The nearest approach to it is to collect existing information and, on the basis of this, use judgment to project or plot the future.

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to do when we try to decide to buy, sell, or hold a security. We study statistics and trade reports, we peruse tables of figures, we ponder averages, we read, investigate, inquire. The sum total of it all is that, in the last analysis, our verdict is based on judgment, which means that we discard some facts in favor of others and rely, finally, on our own or some one else's opinion.

Several months ago in these columns we made some adverse comments on the subject of averages. Since making and publishing those remarks nothing has occurred to change our general view that, useful as averages are in giving an average picture, they are not of any great practical use in determining whether to buy or not. On the basis of averages, thousands of people last year concluded that the stock market was too high and would crash. Subsequent events have shown that, while some stocks which were too high did crash, the market as a market had no such vital element of weakness in it as the observers supposed. The averages misled.

Recently another and very interesting slant on averages has been brought to our attention. Strange as it may seem, it comes from a biological chemist. What he offers may be phrased as follows:

"Statistics, and particularly statistics based on averages, do not avail in estimating stock market possibilities, because the element of judgment enters into the transaction. The problem is a biological rather than a mathematical one. In biology no one thing may be said to be a cause. You must have a set of conditions to produce a result, and each condition must be favorable.

"To make a tree, for example, you have to have a seed, the right kind of soil, water, neither too much nor too little, and the right kind of climate. No one of these conditions is the cause of the tree—not even the seed, for the seed alone is worthless without proper soil, plus water, plus proper climate.

"Now apply this," continued the biological chemist, "to the problem of security prices and prospects. Here, as in the case of the tree, there is a set of conditions which must be of a certain character in order to bring about certain results. It is obvious that no arithmetical calculations based on the *past* are of more than academic value. The reason is that new conditions are constantly being created which are not, and cannot be, reflected in figures of past performance."

We will confess that this theory is novel to us, but it "listens well," and we would like our scientific readers to give it consideration. Isn't there a great deal in it?

We are always impressed by the fact that the most important thing about a corporation is almost impossible to weigh, namely, *earning power*. If there is earning power, the future is assured as long as that power lasts. If earning power fails, the best-secured bonds, the highest-rated stock, the most beautiful balance-sheet, becomes worthless or very nearly so.

Now, in the last analysis, earning power is a product of conditions which can be examined and understood, but which are not necessarily reflected in past stock market prices or even in financial statements. Earning power is a result of many factors—management, markets, public favor, national, and even international trade conditions.

It is at once a virtue and a vice of the human mind to endeavor to reduce everything to formulæ. Monte Carlo and the brokers' offices both are familiar with the men who have "systems" with which to beat the game. There is no record of continued success for such systems, and if careful study were made of their workings it would probably be found that at some point in applying them the system was unconsciously forgotten and judgment substituted.

We know of no sovereign remedy for the lack of that most unusual, priceless quality, shrewd and experienced judgment. Real judgment is able to succeed in the face of facts and figures because it recognizes and understands conditions that defy reduction to fact and figure terms.

W. L. S.

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"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answers in this issue of The Outlook

1. Did a majority of either party in Congress—and, if so, which party—oppose the McNary-Haugen Bill?

2. What city is the capital of the Dominion of Canada?

3. In what province of Canada is the capital of the Dominion situated?

4. What is meant by the Middle Kingdom?

5. Where is Somaliland?

6. Who is the Dictator of Spain?

7. What is Roxy's real name?

8. Who was the last President to live west of the Alleghanies in the summer during his term of office?

9. What is the cause of earthquakes?

10. What observatory has the largest telescope?

11. What great composer died a hundred years ago this month?

12. Where is the Sorbonne?

13. When was the present Mexican Constitution adopted?

14. What country is Jugoslavia's next-door neighbor to the south on the Adriatic?

15. What is the salary of a United States Senator?

16. Who is the Chairman of the Radio Commission?

17. In what country is the river Arno?

18. What is the official position of General Lincoln C. Andrews, who has had general charge of the enforcement of prohibition?

19. Of what legislative body was Saklatvala, who was excluded from the United States in 1925, a member?

20. What are spiral nebulæ?

(Score yourself 5 on each correct answer.)

Answers to these questions can be found in the pages of this issue of The Outlook as follows:

To 1, on p. 356; to 2, on p. 371; to 3, on p. 371; to 4, on p. 373; to 5, on p. 360; to 6, on p. 366; to 7, on p. 361; to 8, on p. 356; to 9, on p. 361; to 10, on p. 355; to 11, on p. 362; to 12, on p. 360; to 13, on p. 363; to 14, on p. 360; to 15, on p. 356; to 16, on p. 355; to 17, on p. 379; to 18, on p. 358; to 19, on p. 359; to 20, on p. 355.

Free for All

What Did Washington Not Do ?

THIS being Washington's Birthday, I have been reading "The University of Washington and Lee," an article by George Marvin in the February 16 issue of The Outlook. In mentioning the various colleges and universities that bear the name of Washington, the following statement is made: "The college at Lexington is the only one that the first President directly sponsored and knowingly endowed with his name."

There is a little college of ancient traditions and local pride tucked down in the pleasant old town of Chestertown, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, that would challenge the accuracy of the above statement. To quote from the "National Geographic Magazine" of February, 1927: "The last, founded in 1782, was the first college to bear the name of Washington, who made a substantial contribution to the endowment fund, became one of the board of governors, and in 1789 received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the institution." H. O. STEPHENS.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Advice

OUR old-time readers, generally, must have had, as I had, the surprise of their lives when double evidence was presented that The Outlook was disposed to compete with "Life" and "Judge." I refer to the articles "Edward and the Scriptures" (issue of February 23) and "Released for Publication" (issue of March 2).

The former was excruciatingly funny, without aiming to be such; and the latter just the opposite—even to the leaving of the superior ego (the "I killed Cock Robin") to the imagination.

With so great a record of worth-while expositions of men and things (and who may say that President Butler is ever ridiculous or that the average mother can be depended upon to fully appreciate a son's view-point?), it seems passing strange that these ebullitions got by the censor.

Take the advice of a possibly unwise old man: Don't do it again.

H. B. YOUNG.

Burlington, Iowa.

Contributors' Gallery

THIS is the second article which The Outlook has published by "Culprit 49,068." It may be recalled that at the time we printed his former article we mentioned the fact that he was a prisoner at the Ohio State Penitentiary, occupying the same cell once occupied by another contributor to The Outlook—O. Henry.

THE article on "A Nation of Wongs" comes to us from Germantown Academy, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

GEORGE MARVIN'S article on Ottawa is the last of a series of studies of American cities which he made while on a trip about the continent for The Outlook.

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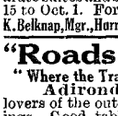

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WANTED—Experienced matron for old ladies' and children's home. Forty residents. Address Old Ladies' Home, Meadville, Pa.

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CAPABLE Protestant gentlewoman, pleasing personality, desires position of traveling companion to lady who is lonely or semi-invalid. Terms and references exchanged. 7,597, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, twenty-one, desires position as tutor or companion for summer; free after June 20. Will travel. 7,587, Outlook.

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COMPANION-housekeeper, American, refined, capable. Excellent reader. Free to travel. Mrs. L. A. Gatchell, 44 Preston St., Windsor, Conn.

EXPERIENCED teacher would like summer position teaching crafts. References. Lucile Robison, 2 Charles Ave., Salamanca, N. Y.

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GENTLEWOMAN, able, experienced, with background of education and wide association, desires position as chaperon, companion, hostess, managing housekeeper. Fond of young people. Willing to travel. 7,602, Outlook.

LAW student, Phi Beta Kappa, college graduate, desires summer position traveling as companion-tutor. Familiar with Europe. Athletic. 7,600, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged American woman wishes position with elderly lady as companion-helper. Excellent needlewoman, cook. 7,577, Outlook.

MINISTER of wide experience, leader of successful union church, desires pastorate offering special opportunity for constructive spiritual service. First-class references. Minimum salary $4,000. 7,592, Outlook.

NURSE, graduated in Switzerland, middle-aged, refined, best references, wishes position with invalid lady or chronic case. 7,599, Outlook.

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PERSONAL executive, college graduate, 40, teacher with technical laboratory and sales experience, desires new connection. Now employed. Good personality, reliable. Large family. Best references. 7,561, Outlook.

RELIABLE, capable gentlewoman, housekeeper-companion or care motherless children. "Dietetics." Box 140, Greenwich, Conn.

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VIRGINIA woman, educated, cultured, desires position managing housekeeper. References exchanged. 7,557, Outlook.

WANTED — Position as companion or chaperon to one wishing to travel, or hostess at summer resort. References exchanged. Address Miss Leidy, The Wellington, Philadelphia, Pa.

WIDOW, forty-one, college graduate, traveled, at present teaching, would like position in any capacity in New England for the summer and possibly permanently. 7,593, Outlook.

WOMAN of experience and refinement, wants position as tutor or traveling companion for summer. 7,584, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, graduate, manager of school cafeteria serving seven hundred, wishes position as manager of residence hotel or restaurant for summer or permanently. 7,590, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, university voice and expression training, wants position where training, tact, and industry will be appreciated. 7,588, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

PARENTS advised concerning ideal camps and private schools. American Teachers' Agency, Springfield, Mass.

WANTED—A permanent boarder. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

By the Way

A YOUNG doctor in South Carolina was called to see a patient who lived miles into the backwoods. "Have you given him anything to relieve him?" he asked.

"Well, no, doc—that is to say, nothin' to speak of," replied the patient's wife. "I had him soak his feet in almost b'ilin' water with a lot of mustard in it, and I put a red-hot plaster on his back and another one on his chest, and I've put a couple of blisters I had in the house under his arms, and a bag of cracked ice to the back of his neck, and had him drink a pint of ginger tea with a dash of rum in it, jes' as hot as he could swaller it, and I follered that with some yard bitters one of the neighbors sent over, and I had him take five or six pills out of a box I got one day of a man that came along with medicine to sell, and he's had three or four spoons of Quackem's pain-killer, and one of those sedelitz powders, but I didn't think I ort to give him much of anything, or to try to do much for him until you come and see what you think ailed him. Then I reckoned we could go at him and really give him something and do something for him."

From "Life:"

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" shouted the editor of the tabloid newspaper. "I can't make head or tail out of this despatch from our special correspondent in South America."

"Neither could I," said his assistant.

"Jimmie," called the editor to the office boy, "ask the South American correspondent to step in here a minute."

Abe Martin wisely remarks: "O' all th' substitutes, a substitute speaker is the worst."

Customer: "Oh, dear, no! I simply could not walk a step in shoes that pinch like that."

Shoe clerk: "I'm sorry, madam; but you've tried on all our different styles. These shoes are the ones you were wearing when you came in."

HELP! HELP!

Me Hercule!" the Romans cried
On finding strength unduly tried.
Me Hercule! The easy way
Is what all want to use to-day.

—DON C. SEITZ.

From the Allston "Recorder:"

Prof. (calling roll): "Smith."

Smith: "I'm not here to-day, professor. Don't you remember? I'm working up at your house to-day."

Prof. (absently): "Quite so. Spade the garden and mow the lawn before you leave. I shall expect it done when I get home."

"Ah, spring is heah at last!" exclaimed Mr. Sorghum Planter, of northern Virginia, to his wife one morning. "I heard th' honk o' th' nawth-bound flivvehs all night long."

An official of the Rockefeller Institute states that among the many letters of denunciation which that institution receives, one came from a man in Arkansas who took the view that all this modern education is dangerous, and that the new-fangled practice of grounding preachers in Latin and Greek is especially pernicious. They ought to be taught English, he said, adding in conclusion: "If English was good enough for Jesus, it's good enough for me."

"Is she intellectual?" he was asked.

"No, I find her very intelligent," he replied.

From "Everybody's Magazine:"

"Mark Twain hated a gloomy man," said a New York editor. "Once, at a banquet, a very gloomy man sat opposite him. This man wouldn't smile at the most amusing jokes recounted. 'What's the matter with you?' cried Mark Twain. 'The stories are all good. Why don't you laugh?' 'Ah, sir,' said the gloomy man, with a sigh, 'how can I laugh when I remember that every time I breathe a soul passes into the Great Beyond?' 'Good gracious!' said the humorist. 'Did you ever try cloves?'"

The output of perfumes and toilet preparations in this country has multiplied six times in the last ten years, according to a recent report of the American Chemical Society. The annual production of creams and rouges totals $34,178,000; of perfumes and toilet waters, $20,423,000; and of talcum and other toilet powders, $21,423,000.

"Nothing works out right," says the Birmingham "News." "In a town where you can park as long as you want to there is no reason why you should want to."

From the Sydney "Bulletin:"

Orator: "And what do we do? We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves but sackcloth and ashes in our empty hands."

A cable from London, England, to the New York "World," reads:"

"The Commons debate on the provision of bathrooms in state-subsidized houses has drawn the Manchester 'Guardian's' attention to the modernity of the bathroom even in the homes of the wealthy. Few seem to realize, however, how comparatively recent is not merely the daily tub but the daily practice of quite minor ablutions. In a manual on good manners by Jean Baptiste de la Salle, published in 1713 and reprinted and translated many times during the following century, the reader was advised 'for the sake of cleanliness it is well to rub the face every morning with a white towel, in order to remove the dirt. It is not advisable to wash with water, for this exposes the face to the chills of winter and the heats of summer.'"

From the "Wall Street Journal:"

A woman who was living in a hotel in San Francisco hired a Chinese boy.

She said, "What's your name?"

"Fu You Tsin Mei," said he.

"Your name is too long. I'll call you John."

"What's your name?" said he.

"Mrs. Elmer Edward McDonald."

"Your name too long. I call you Charlie."

Four words of five letters each are needed to complete the following anagram. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week.

"Thou ——," cried the Dane.
"Unless thou can'st explain
The cause of ——, a thing
That I must know.
A man who —— books,
And —— for his looks,
Must make this clear
Before I let him go!"

Answer to last week's anagram: "Grandee," "angered," "enraged," "derange," "grenade," and "end-gear."

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"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

1. Where is the Green River tobacco district?
2. What war involving America did the Treaty of Paris of 1763 bring to an end?
3. Where is Newfoundland?
4. In what year was the Spanish-American War fought?
5. To what much larger animal is the raccoon closely related?
6. Where is West Palm Beach?
7. For the relief of what sort of industry did the Esch-Cummins Law provide?
8. In what State is the latest gold rush taking place?
9. Who owns the Dearborn "Independent"?
10. Who is Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court?
11. To the marketing of what group of commodities did the Sapiro plan apply?
12. What is the approximate population of Sydney, Australia?
13. What is the title of America's present diplomatic representative in Turkey?
14. What classes of naval vessels does President Coolidge hope will be limited by the forthcoming three-Power conference?
15. What country is Albania's northern neighbor?
16. Who is President of the Council of the League of Nations?
17. Who is Governor of California?
18. Where is Rock Creek Park?
19. How does a bee spend most of its time?
20. Where is the Lowell Institute?

(Score yourself 5 for each correct answer.)

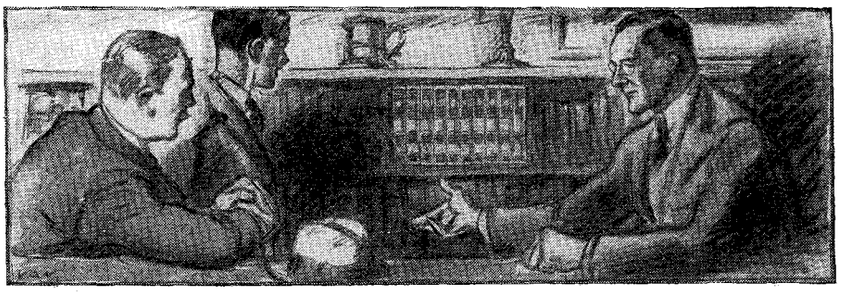
Answers to these questions can be found in the pages of this issue of The Outlook as follows:

To 1, on p. 390; to 2, on p. 391; to 3, on p. 392; to 4, on p. 393; to 5, on p. 394; to 6, on p. 390; to 7, on p. 400; to 8, on p. 387; to 9, on p. 388; to 10, on p. 388; to 11, on p. 388; to 12, on p. 392; to 13, on p. 387; to 14, on p. 390; to 15, on p. 391; to 16, on p. 391; to 17, on p. 406; to 18, on p. 410; to 19, on p. 416; to 20, on p. 410.

The Gladstone Family Group

THE OUTLOOK for February 23 contained, on page 239, a picture of the Gladstone family, together with an invitation to Outlook readers to identify any of the members of the group. The response was seven letters offering identifications.

In the back row of The Outlook picture were, left to right, Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the second son of the Premier; Mrs. Stephen Gladstone; Mrs. Harry Drew (Mary Gladstone), the second daughter of the Premier; Rev. Harry Drew; Herbert Gladstone, the fourth son of the Premier, the present "Lord Gladstone;" and Miss Helen Gladstone, the Premier's eldest daughter. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone were in the center of the group, with Stephen Deiniol Gladstone on the Premier's knee. The girl and boy sitting at the feet of Mrs. Gladstone were Dorothy Drew and William G. Gladstone, the son of the Gladstones' eldest son. The other children of the group remained unidentified, except that one reader thinks the boy at the extreme left of the picture was William E. Gladstone, who fell in the World War.



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